THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 28. JANUARY, 1806. VOL. V.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

STATE OF THE NEGROES AT HOME.

From the French of Golberry, a late Traveller.

WE may compute the population of Africa, without extravagance, at 160,000,000. The climate and nature of Africa tend to render its *black* inhabitants singularly happy.

All the wants of the negro are satisfied, and all his pleasures attained, without the least trouble either of mind or body: his soul scarcely ever quits its peaceable indolence. Violent passions are almost unknown to him; in consequence of his fatalism, he neither hopes for nor fears any event, and submits to every thing without a murmur; in short, his life passes in calmness and voluptuous carelessness, which constitute his supreme happiness: hence the negroes may be reckoned the favourites of nature.

Like children, the blacks of a mature age devote their attention, for whole days together, to trifles. Conversations, which to us would appear only gossiping, are with them inexhaustible. These people incessantly amuse themselves in vague talk, with a confidence and gaiety of which European societies scarcely afford an example.

In all the negro countries occur those assemblies called palavers, or palabres, which are formed at sunrise, and consist of thirty or forty blacks of all ages; they assemble either in a large hall, which they call the bentaba, or beneath the branches of some large tree in the village.

They range themselves in a circle, and the oldest begins the conversation by reciting the little events of the preceding evening; but these become important, by the applications, reflections, and remembrances, to which they give rise.

Soon afterwards the pipe makes its appearance; for the custom of smoking is doubtless general among mankind: all these talkers smoke, not excepting the youngest, and the prattling succeeds better on this account. The fumes of tobacco enliven their brains, and increase their pleasure, as those of delicate wine excite cheerfulness at our meals,

when the charm is further heightened by the sweets of friendship and urbanity.

Gaming takes in its turn, and two of the most clever in the company are chosen to play against each other; the general interest is divided between these champions, but without jealousy, ill-nature, or the least dissention.

Their favourite game borders a little upon chess, and contains a degree of complexity which renders it difficult to be acquired. The ground, or the sand, serves for the chess-board; for this purpose they prepare a small square surface, in which they plant, with a certain degree of order, some bits of wood or straw. It is on the skilfully displacing or removal of these strips, that the issue of the game depends.

Talking, smoking, and gaming, are so seductive, that they cannot prevail on themselves to separate till dinner-time, and many would sooner lose their meals than abandon their amusement; but the women, who are always kind, attentive, and complaisant, do not forget their fathers, husbands, or brothers, but bring them kouskou, or rice, to which they almost always add some dainty bits.

In this manner they pass the day, and, towards evening, I often observed these groups in the same place, and conducted with the same gaiety and spirit, the conversation being as animated as if it had just begun.

At length night puts an end to these palavers, and the company devote themselves to dancing, which during the dry season is performed in the open air, and in rainy weather under the bentaba. The negresses are passionately fond of this amusement. For half the night, throughout the year, all the negroes of Africa are engaged in dancing.

A thatched hut, the building of which cost nothing, some yards of coarse linen, and six pounds of millet, or rice, every day, are sufficient for lodging, feeding, and clothing a family, consisting of a father, mother, and four or five children. The owner himself collects the materials for his house, and he is his own builder. The women procure the cotton, and manufacture their cloth; twenty days labour per year are sufficient to ensure an abundant supply of food, so that the existence of a negro family may be said to be a gratuitous gift of nature, granted without expence or fatigue: hence celibacy is scarcely known in Africa: indeed it is so rare, that a sort of stigma is fixed to those who adopt it.

The life of a negro, on an average, extends from 65 to 70 years, experiencing only an insensible alteration in their health and strength; an alteration which arises from a too abundant *transpiration.* They always submit, without complaint, to that fatality, which, according to them, determines the events of life and death; and they meet the latter with perfect tranquillity.

For the Literary Magazine.

YELLOW FEVER AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1805.

THE following is extracted from the annual report of the board of health of Philadelphia. The reporters, it will be seen, are advocates of one of the reigning doctrines relative to yellow fever; but being an official statement, even those who differ from them must acknowledge the propriety of publishing it in this collection.

"In addition to the sum of 16,000 dollars, which was due to the bank of Pennsylvania when the present board entered upon the duties of their office, they have been under the necessity of borrowing 7,000 dollars from the bank of Philadelphia, to meet the extraordinary expences which accrued during the calamitous situation of the district of Southwark, in consequence of the prevalence of the malignant fever; of the last mentioned sum they have al-

ready repaid 2,000 dollars, and they have a prospect of being able to repay the remainder of the money borrowed of the bank of Philadelphia, and part of the debt due to the bank of Pennsylvania, in the course of the ensuing year.

" Previous to the appearance of the fever, a certain number of labourers had been constantly employed to cleanse and wash the gutters of the streets and alleys, in addition to those employed to search for, and remove or correct, every kind of nuisance in the city and liberties. Every exertion was also made, on the part of the board, to forward the completion of the machine for cleansing docks, &c., mentioned in our communication of last year; but, from some unexpected circumstances, it has not yet been brought into operation.

" The additional buildings at the lazaretto, necessary for the accommodation of passengers and convalescents, have been finished, and the whole of the expences resulting from their construction defrayed.

" The board still retain possession of the old lazaretto on State island, and the city hospital on Schuylkill, both of which they propose to dispose of, as soon as they receive an offer equivalent to their value; with the proceeds of which they contemplate building an hospital in a more eligible situation.

" The late purchase on Hickory lane was occupied for an encampment, and served as an asylum to the fugitives from the fever.

" From the very great precautions which were taken at the lazaretto, to examine and purify all vessels from sickly ports, or that had sickness on board, and the very particular care which was taken to remove from the city and its vicinity, all such substances as might have a tendency to contaminate the air, the board flattered themselves that the city and liberties would have escaped the calamities inseparable from the prevalence of a malignant fever this year, as they had the last. These expectations, however, were not realized; for, on the thirtieth of July, they received information that two persons were ill of a fever, with malignant symptoms, at the house of Samuel Crisman, who kept a retail grocery store at the north-east corner of Catharine and Water streets, in Southwark, and that one of Crisman's apprentices was ill at his parent's, in the Northern Liberties. The two persons that were ill at Samuel Crisman's were immediately sent to the lazaretto, where one of them died, with highly malignant symptoms, on the 3d of August; the rest of Crisman's family retired to the country the day after the removal of the sick persons, and his house was cleansed and ventilated.

" At the time the sick persons were sent from Samuel Crisman's to the lazaretto, there was no other case of malignant fever in that neighbourhood, or in any other part of Southwark, and by the confession of Peter Young, one of the sick persons, on his death bed, in the presence of several witnesses, they had made a clandestine visit to the lazaretto the Sunday before they were attacked with the disease.

" At that time several vessels from different ports of the West Indies were performing quarantine at the lazaretto, on board of some of which persons had been sick, and had died of the yellow fever, and, among others, the schooner Nancy, captain Lake, from the city of St. Domingo, with a number of wounded French soldiers, who had been received on board from a military hospital, soon after which the whole of the crew, excepting two, became ill of the yellow fever; one died at sea, after three days sickness, and the captain and one seaman were landed, dangerously ill, at the lazaretto, according to the bill of enquiry, and an extract from the log-book of the vessel, transmitted to the health-office.

" For six or seven days after the attack of the persons at Crisman's, no other case of malignant fever, within the knowledge of the board, occurred in that neighbourhood, or

in any other part of Southwark, the city, or Northern Liberties; and, after that period, it made its next appearance in the three nearest families to Crisman's; it also re-appeared, on the 8th of August, in Crisman's family, which had returned to the same house, contrary to the intentions of the board, on the fifth; and, a few days later, in two or three families on the opposite side of the street, and in two in a neighbourhood more remote; and was evidently propagated from one to another, and afterwards conveyed to other neighbourhoods, in the same manner as diseases, universally acknowledged to be contagious, are usually propagated, and not like a disease derived from noxious effluvia diffused in the atmosphere, to numbers, in different directions, at the same time, nor like a disease occasioned by foul air proceeding from a particular source, which necessarily ceases to spread, or even to exist, soon after the original source, from which the foul air proceeded, has been removed or corrected.

"As soon as the board received intelligence of the existence of the disease, they used every exertion, short of absolute compulsion, to remove the sick, and the families with whom they resided, to houses provided for their reception in the country. They likewise advised and urged the immediate removal of all the families in and near the neighbourhood where the disease existed, and endeavoured to arrest the progress of the disease, by preventing, as much as in their power, unnecessary intercourse with the sick, and by warning people, residing in other parts, from visiting or transacting any business in the infected streets.

"Measures, so well calculated to prevent the disease from spreading, could not have failed of success, as was proved by the proceedings in Providence, Rhode Island, if the people had not unfortunately been impressed with an opinion that the disease was not contagious, and, of course, that no precautions were necessary. Misled by this opinion, they disregarded the regulations and admonitions of the board, in consequence of which the disease was gradually conveyed into other families, and into streets more remote; and though the increasing mortality soon convinced the people that the disease was of a different and more dangerous nature than they had been taught to believe, and occasioned the precipitate flight of multitudes, it had become too widely extended before this conviction took place, for the subsequent regulations and exertions of the board to eradicate it, or entirely suspend its progress. They, however, have the satisfaction of believing that, notwithstanding the opposition and difficulties with which they had to contend, they were instrumental, under Divine Providence, in retarding its progress, and in rescuing and preserving a number of valuable lives in Southwark, as well as in preventing the disease from pervading the city and Northern Liberties, and involving the inhabitants in the complicated miseries of former years.

"The city hospital was opened on the 15th of August; a resident physician and an assistant were appointed on the 26th; and, as the number of patients multiplied, two consulting physicians were added, with a competent number of nurses and attendants, and every thing necessary for the accommodation and relief of the patients provided.

"Physicians were also appointed to attend such sick persons, at their houses and at the encampment, as were not in a condition to be removed.

"Additional messengers were employed to collect intelligence, and to assist the officers of the board in removing the sick and the dead, and in purifying infected houses, as well as a number of watchmen, to prevent unnecessary intercourse with the sick. Carriages were also kept in constant readiness, day and night, to remove the sick and the dead.

"The number of persons with malignant fever, reported at the

health-office, amounted only to 838, viz.

In Southwark	688
City	132
Northern Liberties	18
Total	838

"But as many families concealed their situation, and some of the physicians omitted to report their patients, and the number of deaths by the fever amounted to more than 300, and as, on an average, the deaths did not exceed one in four, it is probable the whole of the sick amounted to about 1200.

"The number of patients admitted into the city hospital was 346, and the number that died there 163.

"The humber of patients admitted into the hospital of the lazaretto was 47, and the number that died there, including two by accidents, eight.

"In addition to a number of houses provided for the reception of infected families and convalescents, the board erected tents for the accommodation of two hundred families, and supplied more than a thousand individuals with provisions, from the 7th of September to the 22d of October. They also distributed relief to a multitude of indigent as well as sick families, at their houses, who, having been deprived of employment and the means of subsistence by the fever, had no other resource, as the guardians of the poor were not in a situation to assist them; in consequence of which the office of providing for the poor and destitute, as well as for numerous orphans, devolved upon the board of health, without whose care and assistance they must have fallen victims to the disease, or perished by famine: hence the list of their expences has been greatly enlarged, notwithstanding the donations of several humane and charitable individuals, unsolicited by the board."

The cash expended on account of the lazaretto amounted to 5454 dollars and 4 cents; the new buildings erected at the lazaretto cost 5300 dollars and 17 cents; the money expended on account of the board of health, exclusive of the above sums, and of sums applied to the discharge of previous debts, amounted to 18,529 dollars and 48 cents. The whole amount of these expences was 29,283 dollars and 69 cents.

For the Literary Magazine.

HORRORS OF WEST INDIA SLAVERY.

DURING the session of 1804, the following extract of a letter from lord Seaforth, the governor of Barbadoes, to lord Hobart, dated at Barbadoes, the 8th of March, 1802, was laid on the table of the house of commons.

"Your lordship will observe, in the last day's proceedings of the assembly, that *the majority of the house had taken considerable offence at a message of mine, recommending an act to be passed, to make the murder of a slave felony. At present the fine for the crime is only fifteen pounds currency, or eleven pounds four shillings sterling.*"

People, in general, would think it scarcely possible that a stronger proof could be adduced of the deplorably unprotected condition in which the negroes are placed in Barbadoes, the oldest and most civilized of the slave colonies, than was furnished in the above official document. In a community where even the life of a negro slave is valued at so cheap a rate, it would argue an utter ignorance of the nature of man, and of the principles by which his conduct is usually regulated, to expect that the general treatment of negro slaves should be humane; and presumption, however, sufficiently strong, to remove all doubt from unprejudiced minds; but we are now relieved from that objection. We are no longer reduced to the necessity of making use of disputable analogies, in order, from the state of the laws respecting slavery, to infer the probable practice; but

we have the practice so graphically described, as to supersede the necessity of argumentation, and to silence the most determined stickler for West Indian humanity.

On the 25th of February last, a number of papers, respecting the slave trade, were presented to the house of commons by his majesty, and they have since been printed. In perusing them, the attention is forcibly attracted by a continuation of the correspondence between lord Seaforth and the secretary of state. On the 13th of November, 1804, his lordship thus writes to earl Camden.

"I enclose four papers, containing, from different quarters, reports on the horrid murders I mentioned in some former letters. *They are selected from a great number*, among which there is not one in contradiction of the horrible facts, though several of the letters are very concise and defective. The truth is, that nothing has given me more trouble than to get at the bottom of these businesses, *so horribly absurd are the prejudices of the people*" (not of one, or two, or a few individuals, but of the people).

"However, a great part of my object is answered by the alarm my interference has excited, and the attention it has called to the business. Bills are already prepared to make murder felony; *but I fear they will be thrown out for the present in the assembly.* The council are unanimous on the side of humanity."

In a subsequent letter, dated the 7th of January, 1805, lord Seaforth thus writes:

"I enclose the attorney general's letter to me on the subject of the negroes *so most wantonly murdered.* I am sorry to say several other instances of the same barbarity have occurred, with which I have not troubled your lordship, as *I only wished to make you acquainted with the subject in general.*"

The letters to which lord Seaforth refers, and which accompany the above extracts, are from four of the most respectable individuals in the island of Barbadoes, viz., Mr. Ince, the president of the council; Mr. Coulthurst, the advocate general; Mr. Beccles, the attorney general; and the Rev. Mr. Pilgrim. These gentlemen all agree in the material facts of the cases which they state. It would, therefore, be an unnecessary repetition to transcribe the whole of their letters: it will be sufficient to give the substance of the statements which they contain.

1. On the 10th of April, 1804, a militia man of the name of Halls, of the St. Michael's regiment, returning from military duty, overtook on the road some negroes, who were going quietly home from their labour. When he came near, he called out that he would kill them, and immediately began to run after them. The negroes, not supposing that he really intended to do them any injury, and imagining that he was in joke, did not endeavour to escape, but merely made way for him. The person nearest to him happened to be a woman, the property of a Mr. Clarke, the owner of Simmons's estate, who is stated to have been a valuable slave, the mother of five or six children, and far advanced in pregnancy. *Without the smallest provocation of any kind, Halls, coolly and deliberately, plunged his bayonet several times into her body, when the poor creature dropped and expired without a groan.* Two gentlemen were eye-witnesses of this horrid action. One of them, Mr. Harding, the manager of the Codrington college estate, went up to Halls and spoke harshly to him, and said he ought to be hanged, for he never saw a more unprovoked murder, and that he would certainly carry him before a magistrate. Halls's reply is very remarkable. "*For what?*" said he, with the utmost indifference as to the crime, "*for what?* for *killing a negro!!!*" This is a short but a significant sentence, strongly confirming an important truth which has frequently been asserted, viz., that the negroes are regarded by their white-skinned oppressors as an inferior order of

beings, and, under the influence of this sentiment, are naturally enough denied the common rights of humanity, and excluded from the pale of that sympathy, which a sense of a common nature and a common extraction is calculated to inspire. Mr. Harding, however, greatly to his credit, was proof against the force of Halls's compendious reasoning, and, having procured assistance, laid hold of him, and carried him before Mr. justice Walton. Mr. justice Walton, it would appear, was not indisposed to use the authority with which he was vested in bringing Halls to justice, but he found that, " *in his situation as a magistrate, the law of the island gave him no jurisdiction or authority over him*," and, in short, that he had no right to commit him. In this dilemma, Mr. Walton applied to Mr. president Ince. " I told Mr. Walton," says the president, in his letter to lord Seaforth, " that I regretted, with real concern, the deficiency in our law; but that there was a penalty due to the king, in such cases (viz., the *eleven pounds four shillings* mentioned above), and that, as Mr. Harding had sufficiently substantiated the fact, I would order him to be committed till he paid the forfeiture, or a suit should be commenced against him." Accordingly he was sent to prison. The president, however, seems to admit the illegality of this proceeding. " Perhaps, my Lord," he adds, " it was a stretch of power in me to order commitment before a recovery of the fine." It was certainly so: and Halls, without doubt, is sufficiently apprized of the circumstance. Nay, we shall not be surprised to hear that he has been able to rouse the popular feeling in his favour, as a man unjustly and illegally oppressed. To have suffered so severe a punishment as imprisonment, for so paltry an offence as that of killing a negro, will be likely enough to excite no small degree of *virtuous* indignation among the Barbadians; and the danger lest such an unauthorised restriction of the freedom of individuals should grow into a precedent, will, of course, call forth the most vigorous resistance. We are justified in forming this expectation by what occurred some years ago, on a similar occasion, in the neighbouring island of St. Kitts, where the prosecution of a man of the name of Herbert, who had used one of his slaves with the most wanton barbarity, was not only not attended with any punishment to the offender, though the facts were clearly proved; but was likely to have been followed by the most inconvenient and injurious effects to the prosecutor, in consequence of the popular clamour which was excited against him.

2. The second instance produced by lord Seaforth is not inferior in atrocity to the first. A Mr. Colbeck, who lives overseer on Cabbage-tree plantation, in St. Lucy's parish, '*had bought a new negro boy out of the yard*' (meaning the slave-yard where negroes are exposed to sale, in the same manner as the cattle and sheep in Smithfield market), and carried him home. Conceiving a liking to the boy, he took him into the house, and made him wait at table. Mr. Crone, the overseer of Rowe's estate, which is near to Cabbage-tree plantation, was in the habit of visiting Mr. Colbeck, *had noticed the boy, and knew him well.* A fire happening one night in the neighbourhood, Colbeck went to give his assistance, and the boy followed him. Colbeck, on his return home, missed the boy, who had lost his way, and, as he did not make his appearance the next day, he sent round to his neighbours, and *particularly to Crone*, informing them, that his African lad had strayed, that *he could not speak a word of English*, and possibly he might be found breaking some sugar canes, or taking something else for his support: in which case he requested they would not injure him, but send him home, and he would pay any damage the boy might have committed. After a lapse of two or three days, the poor creature was disco-

vered in a gully, or deep water-course, near to Rowe's estate, and a number of negroes were soon assembled about the place. The boy, naturally terrified with the threats, the noise, and the appearance of so many people, retreated into a hole in a rock, having a stone in his hand, for the purpose, probably, of defence. By this time, Crone and some other white persons had come up. *By their orders, a fire was put to the hole where the boy lay, who, when he began to be scorched, ran from his hiding-place into a pool of water which was near.* Some of the negroes pursued him into the pool; and the boy, it is said, threw the stone which he held in his hand at one of them. On this, two of the white men, Crone and Hollingsworth, *fired at the boy several times with shot, and the negroes pelted him with stones. He was at length dragged out of the pool in a dying condition, for he had not only received several bruises from the stones, but his breast was so pierced with the shot, that it was like a cullender.* The white savages (this is the language of Mr. attorney general Beccles) ordered the negroes to dig a grave. *Whilst they were digging it, the poor creature made signs of begging for water, which was not given to him: but as soon as the grave was dug, he was thrown into it and covered over*, and, as is believed, *while yet alive.* Colbeck, the owner of the boy, hearing that a negro had been killed, went to Crone to enquire into the truth of the report. Crone told him that a negro had been killed and buried, but assured him it was not his, for he knew him well, and he need not be at the trouble of opening the grave. On this Colbeck went away *satisfied.* Receiving, however, further information, he returned, and had the grave opened, when he found the murdered negro to be his own. Colbeck brought his action of damages in the courts of the island against Crone and Hollingsworth. The cause was ready to be tried, and the court had met for the purpose, when they thought proper to pay double the value of the boy, and 25l. for the use of the island (being 5l. less than the penalty fixed by law, of 15l. currency each), rather than suffer the business to go to a hearing. "This, I am sorry to say," observes the advocate general, "*was the only punishment which could be inflicted for so barbarous and atrocious a crime.*"

This horrid recital, which is given almost in the words of the report, merely avoiding repetitions, seems to require little comment. One circumstance of it, however, may not strike the minds of some readers with its due force, although it appears to be the most affecting part of the whole case. Colbeck, it is said, on hearing that it was not his slave who had been murdered, *went away satisfied.* O most opprobrious satisfaction! The preceding part of the narrative had prepared us to expect in Colbeck some approximation to European feeling. But what is the fact? On being coolly told that a negro had been killed and buried; told so by his neighbour, the murderer; is he shocked? does he express any horror or indignation on the occasion? No! he goes away *satisfied!!* Let the reader give its due weight to this one circumstance, and he will be convinced, that a state of society must exist in the West Indies of which, as an inhabitant of this happy island, he can scarcely form any adequate conception. Suppose, instead of a negro slave, that it had been a horse which had been thus killed. Colbeck, had his horse happened to be missing at the time, would have pursued exactly the same steps, and would have been affected in the same way as in the present instance. We may also learn, from this impressive circumstance, the value of West Indian testimony when given in favour of West Indian humanity. The moral perceptions and feelings which prevail in that quarter of the world, it will be perceived, are wholly different from those on this side of the Atlantic. It may be allowed that these men mean what they say, when they

give each other the praise of humanity. But examine their standard. Who is this man of humanity? It is one who, hearing that a fellow-creature has been cruelly and wantonly murdered, *goes away satisfied*, because he himself has sustained no loss by the murder! An exception may be admitted in favour of a few men of enlightened minds: but the remark applies to *the people*, to the bulk of the community, whose prejudices are stated by lord Seaforth to be so *horribly absurd*, as to resist all measures for remedying this dreadful state of things. But not to detain the reader any longer with reasonings on this subject, let us proceed to the third case communicated by lord Seaforth, and which, if possible, is worse than either of the foregoing.

3. A man of the name of Nowell, who lives in St. Andrew's parish, had been in the habit of behaving brutally towards his wife, and one day went so far as to lock her up in a room, and confine her in chains. A negro woman belonging to this man, *touched with compassion for her unfortunate mistress*, undertook privately to release her. Nowell found it out, and, in order to punish her, obliged her to put her tongue through a hole in a board, to which he fastened it on the opposite side with a fork, and left her in that situation for some time. He afterwards cut out her tongue nearly by the root, in consequence of which she almost instantly died. This story, however, it is said, has been told differently, some affirming that the poor creature is still alive, and others that she is dead. If any thing could add to the horror which the shocking barbarity of Nowell must excite, it is this doubt existing after a lapse of some months, existing too in the minds of the attorney general and the advocate general, as to whether the poor creature was alive or dead. Were there no means of forcing Nowell to produce her? Could no inquest have been instituted to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reports in circulation? Is the neglect of this obvious duty, by the officers of the crown, to be attributed to the contagious influence of those prejudices, and of that shameless indifference to negro life, which evidently pervade the people at large? Or is it to be ascribed to this, that the laws have taken from them their constitutional power? In either case, our colonial system will stand justly chargeable with the violation, not only of every feeling of humanity, but of every acknowledged principle of justice.

It will doubtless be argued, that individual instances of cruelty, like those which have been cited, are no proofs of *general* inhumanity, any more than the annals of the Old Bailey can be considered as exhibiting a fair view of our national character. There is, however, this very remarkable difference in the two cases, a difference which is fatal to the argument: in this country, when we read of crimes, we read of their being followed by just retribution, by severe and exemplary punishment. In the West Indies, on the contrary, we not only hear of the greatest crimes escaping with impunity, but we find the laws themselves conspiring to shelter criminals from justice: we find the most respectable and enlightened part of the community sanctioning the perpetration even of murder, by their refusal to recognize the commission of it as a felonious act.

But it will be said by some West Indians, "granting the case to be in Barbadoes as you have represented it, it is very unfair to extend the charge of inhumanity to the islands generally. The legislatures of all the other islands have, by law, made the murder of a slave felony, and have besides provided various salutary regulations for the protection of slaves, which place them in a situation even of enviable security and comfort." In reply to this reasoning, it will be admitted, that the legislatures of most, if not all, the islands, Barbadoes excepted, have made the murder of a slave felony. It will also be admitted that many

regulations have been framed which, had they been carried into execution, must have produced a beneficial result. But so far is this from having been the case, that it may be indisputably proved, that these regulations have been attended with little or no advantage; nay, that they were never intended to be operative. The proof of these assertions will be found in the papers to which so large a reference has already been made.

In the course of the last year, earl Cambden addressed letters to the governors of the different islands, requiring answers to certain questions respecting the number of slaves in the islands, the number of negroes imported and exported, and respecting also the manner in which the different clauses of the acts for the protection of slaves had been executed.

To these enquiries no answer appears as yet to have been returned by the governors, either of Jamaica or the Bahama islands. From St. Vincent, Antigua, and Grenada, answers have been promised, but have not yet arrived. Now, it is worthy of remark, that had the different slave acts of these islands been complied with, no difficulty could have arisen in making the desired returns, because nothing more would have been requisite, except ordering a copy of the public records. The cause of the delay that has taken place, in the case of the islands which have been mentioned, will, perhaps, be best explained by the communications made to earl Cambden by governor Prevost, the governor of Dominica. He states, perhaps truly, "that the legislature of the island of Dominica is distinguished by the laws it has passed for the encouragement, protection, and government of slaves;" but he adds, "*I am sorry I cannot say they are as religiously enforced as you could wish;* however, the treatment of the negroes depends less on the temper of the master, *whose interest in his slaves' well-being is not always a sufficient check:*" a proposition which directly contradicts the clamorous assertions of the West Indian body.

In a subsequent letter, dated the 17th of January, 1805, governor Prevost thus writes: "The act of the legislature, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement, protection, and better government of slaves,' *appears to have been considered, from the day it was passed until this hour, as a political measure, to avert the interference of the mother country in the management of slaves.* Having said this, your lordship will not be surprised to learn the *clause seventh of that bill has been wholly neglected.*"

Here we have honestly disclosed to us the true cause of the enactment of those slave laws which have gained the colonies so much credit for humanity with the mother country, as well as the true cause of their inefficiency. They were enacted to blind the eyes of superficial, but well-meaning men in England, and to furnish a convenient argument to the enemies of abolition. They have been inefficient, because it was never in the contemplation of those who framed them that they should be executed. It may be fairly questioned, whether a single slave in the island of Dominica knew of those protecting clauses which were so loudly boasted of in England.

The third and fourth clauses of the same act require, under pecuniary penalties, that the slaves should be convened every Sunday for divine worship, and that they should be exhorted to be baptized, and, when of mature age, to form christian marriages; and the reason assigned for the enactment is, that "a knowledge of the doctrines, and a due attention to the exercise of the duties of the christian religion, would tend to improve the morals, and to advance the temporal and eternal happiness of the slaves." The reader, however, will see what an impious mockery all this parade of legislation has been, when he learns from governor Prevost that these clauses "are not carried into effect," and that no penal-

ties have been levied for non-compliance with their provisions. The Rev. John Audain, rector of St. George's, thus writes on the subject: "A very few *even* of the free coloured people marry; *and not one slave* since I have been here. Why they do not I readily conceive, particularly the slaves. *Their owners do not exhort them to it.*" Yet the law requires the owner to *exhort them* to it, and though it is notorious that that law has, in no one instance, been complied with, it is equally notorious that its infraction has, in no one instance, been punished by enforcing the penalty.

These facts sufficiently demonstrate, that the laws for the protection of the slaves are perfectly nugatory, and do, in no degree, tend to alleviate the rigours of their unhappy condition, or to place them on a better footing as to "protection" in the other islands than that on which they stand even in Barbadoes.

Eighteen years have now passed since the slave trade question was first agitated in England, and since West Indians have been holding out promises of ameliorating the condition of their slaves. These promises, it appears, have proved altogether delusive, and so they will continue until the British parliament shall abolish the slave trade, and thus oblige West Indians to reform their horrid system.

For the Literary Magazine.

PROGRESS OF VACCINATION IN ASIA.

EARLY in the year 1801, governor Duncan, of Bombay, wrote to lord Elgin, the English minister at Constantinople, requesting him to forward a supply of vaccine matter by the way of Bagdad and Bussora; where the matter might be renewed on fresh subjects, and thus have a chance of reaching Bombay in a state capable of communicating the infection. The first supplies failed: but in June, 1802, a successful inoculation was effected at Bombay; and from this first inoculation the matter originally emanated, which has ever since been used in India. The matter sent from Constantinople was renewed by inoculation at Bagdad, and was then conveyed to Bussora, at the distance of from 30 to 35 days' journey, where it was again renewed, before it was transmitted to its final destination at Bombay.

It appears that 11,166 persons were inoculated, from the period of the introduction of the cow-pox into India, in June, 1802, to the end of the year 1803. Every effort is made, both by the heads of the government and medical men, to diffuse this practice over every part of the British settlements in the east.

Variolous inoculation was regularly practised by the Bramins in Calcutta, in the beginning of every year previous to 1803.

They inoculated all who could pay them, regardless how near their patients were to those who either could not from indigence, or would not from principle, be inoculated; by this means spreading on every side a fatal pestilence, which annually pursued its course of misery and death.

This practice, however, was at length interdicted by the police, and two seasons have passed over, without bringing with them this dreadful scourge of humanity. The mortality produced by natural smallpox in India is stated, by good authority, to be as one to three; and by the inoculated, as one to sixty or seventy, of children born of European parents. The Bramins acknowledge that they lose one in two hundred of those whom they inoculate, which is probably below the truth: but whatever estimate may be taken, it is evident that the introduction of vaccine inoculation will be the means of saving a great number of lives.

Considerable pains have been taken to discover whether there were any traces of cow-pox among the

cattle in India; or whether, if there were, its prophylactic powers were applied or understood; but though many are disposed to assert that the disease was known to the Bramins from time immemorial, yet this claim was never advanced till vaccine inoculation had triumphed over all opposition to it. Something more, indeed, than mere assertions was employed to establish this point; for the surgeon of a native regiment, stationed at Bareilly, got possession of a Sanscript manuscript, which contained the following paragraph on the subject:

"Taking the matter (pùya) of pimples (granthi) which are naturally produced on the udders of cows, carefully preserve it; and, before the breaking out of the small-pox (sitala), making with a small instrument a small puncture, like that made by a gnat, in a child's limb, introduce into the blood as much of that matter as is measured by the fourth part of a *racti*; thus the wise physician renders the child secure from the breaking out of the small-pox."

This passage was suspected to be an interpolation; and the conjecture was proved to be well founded, by collating the manuscript from which it was taken with others.

It was hoped that the Hindoos, from the veneration which they bear to the cow, would practise vaccine inoculation with ardour: but the circumstance of the prophylactic being connected with that animal seems to have operated rather as an objection, than as a recommendation to its adoption.

For the Literary Magazine.

USE OF BATHING AS NUTRICIOUS.

DR. FRANKLIN has advised, when a scarcity of water at sea occurs, that mariners should bathe themselves in tubs of salt water; and that he had observed, that, however thirsty he had been before his immersion into water for the amusement of swimming, he never continued so afterwards; and recommends the apparel of sailors being dipped in the sea, with a confidence of there being no danger of catching cold.

In a narrative of the loss of a ship from the West Indies bound for Whitehaven, in 1768, the captain, after having related the distress which he and his people had endured, dwells much upon the great advantage received from soaking his clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing.

"It was a considerable time," says he, "before I could make the people comply with this measure; though, from seeing the good effects it produced, they afterwards, of their own accord, practised it twice a day. To this discovery I may with justice ascribe the preservation of my own life and that of six other persons, who must otherwise have perished.

"The hint I first gained from a treatise written by Dr. Lind, and which, I think, ought to be recommended to all sea-faring people.

"One very remarkable circumstance was, that we daily made the same quantity of urine as if we had drank moderately of any liquid; which must be owing to a quantity of water being absorbed by the pores of the skin. The saline particles remaining in our clothing became encrusted by the heat of our bodies and that of the sun, which cut and wounded us, and rendered sitting very disagreeable. But we found, on washing out the saline particles, and wetting our clothes without wringing, twice a day, the skin became well in a short time: and so very great advantage did we derive from this practice, that the violent thirst went off; the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE COCKNEY DIALECT.

IN turning over a late British publication, I was much amused to discover, in the peculiarities of the dialect of Londoners, a striking resemblance to those of my native city, Philadelphia. The vulgar people of London are well known by the name of cockneys, and a learned enquirer has taken the trouble to examine their dialect, in which the following examples are the most remarkable.

The most striking and most offensive error in pronunciation among the Londoners lies in the transpositional use of the letters W and V, ever to be heard where there is any possibility of inverting them. Thus they always say,

W*eal* instead of v*eal;* and

W*inegar* instead of v*inegar;*

while, on the other hand, you hear

*Vic*ked for *wic*ked;

Vig for *wig*; and a few others.

The following little dialogue is said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:

Citizen. Villiam, I vants my vig.

Servant. Vitch vig, sir?

Citizen. Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the westry.

To these may be added their use of the letter W, in the place of the letter H, in compound words; for, instead of neighbour*hood*, widow*hood*, liveli*hood*, and knight*hood*, they not only say, but would even write, neighbour*wood*, widow*wood*, liveli*wood*, and knight*wood*. Nay, they have been caught in the fact; for the last of these words is so spelt in Dr. Fuller's Church History, and and in Rymer's Fœdera. This oversight cannot, however, be charged upon either of those writers; but, as they both lived in or near London, it is most probable that their amanuenses were first-rate *cockneys*, and that, in collating the transcripts by the ear, allowances had been made for mere pronunciation without suspecting error in the orthography.

All that can be said upon these unpleasant pronunciations taken together is, that letters of the same organ of speech have been mutually exchanged in several languages. In the province of Gascoigne in France, the natives substitute the letters B and V for each other, which occasioned Joseph Scaliger to say of them, "Felices populi, quibus *bib*ere est *vive*re.

The London use of redundant negatives, in "I don't know nothing about it," or "worser and more worser;" and "mought" for might; "ax" for ask; "fetch a walk;" "learn" for teach; "shall us;" "summons'd" for summoned; "a-dry;" "his-self" for himself, and "their-selves" for themselves; "this here;" "that there;" "because why;" "ourn, yourn, hern, hisn;" "a few while;" "com'd" for came; "gone with;" "went with;" "gone dead;" have more said in their favour than cockneys themselves would suppose; and the sneer of the *beau monde* is rebutted by the sanction of respectable men, who gave the *ton* to our great great grandfathers. In some instances, indeed, the cockney appears, without perhaps being conscious of it, to have kept nearer to the true etymology, and to have more closely followed the genius of our language than even the courtier.

A courtier will say, "Let him do it *him*self;" but the cockney has it, "Let him do it *his*-self." Here the latter comes nearest to the truth, though both he and the courtier are wrong; for the grammatical construction should be "Let *he* do it *his*-self," or, by a transposition of words, better and more energetically arranged, "Let *he his-self* do it." It must be allowed that the Londoner does not use this compounded pronoun, in the mode before us, from any degree of conviction; he has fortunately stumbled upon a part of the truth which the courtier has overleaped. But,

throwing aside the correct phraseology, and confining ourselves to the received mode, let me observe how incongruous our combined pronoun appears in this situation. Of these double personal pronouns, as I may call them, the nominative in the singular number is *my* self, and not *me* self; and in the second person it is *thy* self, and not *thee* self. Why then shall the accusative in the third person (viz. *him*-self) be received in the polite world, and by both the universities, into the place of the nominative "*his*-self?" It is the same with us in the plural number; for we very conveniently make the word "*them*selves" serve our purpose both in the nominative and in the accusative; while, on the other hand, the cockney is right in his plural nominative "*their*-selves," and only errs when he uses the same word for the accusative.

Dr. Johnson unguardedly, but very obligingly for me, admits "*his*-self" to have been *anciently* (though he goes but a very little way back for his authority) the nominative case of this double pronoun, and quotes the words of Algernon Sydney, "Every of us, each for *his*-self." Time will not subvert a real nominative case, however incongruously it may be abused; and I wonder that Dr. Johnson should doubt for a moment, and (as his word *anciently* implies) ever suppose otherwise.

Dr. Wallis, who published his grammatical work in 1653, lays the charge of vulgarity upon the courtier; and acquits the cockney, "Fateor tamen," says he, "*him*-self et *them*selves vulgo dici pro *his*-self et *their*-selves."

Now, sir, this matter might, upon the whole, be brought to a very easy compromise, if the cockney would but adopt the courtier's "*them*-selves" for his accusative, and the courtier would condescend to accept the cockney's accusative "*their*-selves," instead of his own nominative "*them*-selves."

The like exchange would as easily reconcile them in their uses of the singular number; for let the courtier, instead of saying "He came *him*self," use the cockney's expression "He came *his*-self;" and, on the other hand, in the place of "He hurt *his*-self," let the cockney say with the courtier, "He hurt *him*self," and all would be well, according to the present acceptation of these phrases, and these jarring interests be happily accommodated; but I am afraid that the obstinate and deep-rooted principles of education on one hand, and of habit on the other, must forbid the exchange.

I am sensible that it is accounted elegant and energetic language to use "*him*self" nominatively when intended to enforce personality, as in the following two examples:

"*Him*self hasted also to go out."
"*Him*self an army."

No one, I believe, will be hardy enough to vindicate this as grammar; but it is allowed in all arts to break through the trammels of rule to produce great effects.

Dr. Johnson was not aware of the authenticity of dialectical expressions, and has been guilty of many omissions, and blundered in his etymologies. More may be said in support of the *poticary* of the cockney than the *apothecary* of the learned and fashionable world, which has usurped its place:

Henry Knighton, who lived about 1393, had the word *apothecarius*.

Dr. Johnson says, from *apotheca*, a repository: and that it means "a man, whose employment is to keep medicines for sale; Greek Αποθηκη."

Chaucer, who wrote before the introduction of Greek, writes "*Potecary*." Chaucer died in 1400. (N. B. Greek known in England in 1453.)

In the Liber Niger Dom. Reg. Angliæ, temp. Edward IV, who reigned from 1461 to 1483, it is written *poticary*.

Stevens's Dictionary has *boticario*, and derives it from *bote*, a gal-

lipot. *Botica* is a shop in Spanish (French *boutique*), but emphatically the shop of an apothecary.

The *A* may be our article, which use has added to the words, together with the article *an*, which is a pleonasm.

Per contra, we have appellatives, which, by withdrawing a letter from the word *per aphæresin* in the article, has absorbed it, as, from *anaranja*, we have formed *an orange*. *Avanna*, we call *a fan*, which should be termed *an avan;* from *Abeli* we say *a lily:* so, by dropping the *A* entirely, we have made *saffron* from *assafran:* all from the Spanish. Not content to say *a boticario*, or, Anglicè, *boticary*, but we must double the article and say *an aboticary*.

Junius calls it *vocabulum sumptum ex Græco;* but adds, *minus commode;* and refers us to Vossius, lib. I. de Vitiis Sermonis, c. 32.

Apothecaries anciently sold wine and cordials.

"The emperor is somewhat amended, as his *poticarie saith*."

A bookseller who keeps a shop (a *bibliotheca*), might as well be called a *bibliothecary*.

Perhaps the *poticary* or *boticario* was so called, to distinguish him from the initerant medicine-monger; for I am willing to suppose there have been quacks as long as there have been regular men in the profession of physic.

Apollo was little more than an empiric; for it was one of his inferior occupations. Opifer *per orbem*. His son Æsculapius was a physician.

Q. If Apollo, by the term *Opifer*, was not a midwife? The apothecaries proud of the connection, by his figure in Dutch tile in their shops.

In the comedy of the Four P's, by J. Heywood, published 1569, one of them is the *poticary;* and I never heard that he was arraigned by the critics for pseudography. They are the *Pothecary*, the *Pedlar*, the *Palmer*, and the *Pardoner*.

Mr. Nares says, that *potecary* is very low; and so it is to our ears at present.

You might as well say that *periwig* is Greek, from Περι, circum (Græcè) and *wig* (Anglicè); whereas it is only unfortunately a corruption of the French *peruque*.

The *boticario* (or poticary) was perhaps to the *quack*, who carried his medicines about for sale, as the *stationer* (or shop-keeper) was to the hawker and pedlar.

For the Literary Magazine.

POETRY AND PAINTING COMPARED.

BEYOND the poet in the strength of his conceptions, as well as in the force and fidelity with which they are expressed, the painter is more alive to what passes around him; external objects take a stronger hold of his imagination; the impressions of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity, sink deeper into his soul. His art, estimated by its noblest examples, considered in every view of mental or manual ability, appears to be the most arduous enterprise of taste, and, without injustice to other pursuits, may be termed the most extraordinary operation of human genius; in its theory and principles unfolding the most subtle refinements of intellect, in its practice displaying the most dextrous achievement of mechanical skill.

The only character, indeed, that can pretend to rank with the painter in the great scale of human ingenuity is the poet; but *he* has not been satisfied with equality; he has commonly aspired to a higher station; and, having been usually judge and jury in the cause, he has always taken care to decide it in his own favour. Yet an impartial investigation of the powers displayed in both arts; of the qualities from nature and education which they respectively require, would perhaps amend the record, if not reverse the decree. What is there of *intellec-*

tual in the operations of the poet which the painter does not equal? what is there of *mechanical* which he does not surpass? He also is one "cui sit ingenium, cui mens divinior." The "os magna sonaturum," indeed, is not his; but he has a language more general, more eloquent, more animated; as much more arduous in its attainment as it is more extraordinary in its effects. Where their arts resemble, the painter keeps his level with the poet; where they differ, he takes a more elevated ground.

The advantage which poetry possesses over painting, in continued narration and successive impression, cannot be advanced as a peculiar merit of the poet, since it results from the nature of language, and is common to prose.

The eye of the painter is required to be as much more sensible and acute than the eye of the poet, as the accuracy of him who imitates should exceed that of him who only describes. What is the verbal expression of a passion, compared to its visible presence; the narration of an action to the action itself brought before your view? What are the "verba ardentia" of the poet, to the breathing beauties, the living lustre of the pencil, rivalling the noblest products of nature, expressing the characteristics of matter and mind, the powers of soul, the perfection of form, the brightest bloom of colour, the golden glow of light? Can the airy shadows of poetical imagery be compared to the embodied realities of art?

Where the poet cursorily observes, the painter studies intensely; what the one carries loosely in his memory, the other stamps upon his soul. The forms and combinations of things, the accidents of light and colour, the relations of distance and degree, the passions, proportions, and properties of men and animals; all the phenomena of "the visible diurnal sphere," the painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and with the powers of a magician call them up at a moment's warning, like "spirits from the vasty deep" of his imagination,

"To do his bidding, and abide his will."

From the nature of the medium through which the poet operates, he has an advantage over the painter, which considerably facilitates his progress. As verse is constructed of language, modified by number and measure, the poet may be said to pursue, in some degree, a preparatory course of study from his cradle; he never talks but he may be considered as sharpening his tools, and collecting his materials; his instrument is never out of his hands, and whether he reads, writes, or converses, he exercises his faculties in a way that appears to have a direct reference to his art, and to be a prelude to his performance.

The painter, on the other hand, makes use of a medium that has no analogy to speech, no connection with any of his ordinary habits or acquirements; his art speaks a language of the most uncommon construction, and most comprehensive influence: demanding the unremitting application of a life to produce that facility of expression, that fluency of graphic utterance, by which only he can hope to address himself effectually to the passions and understandings of men.

If to become familiar with the writings of the ancients, to comprehend their beauties, and compose in their language, be the proudest attainments of the scholar and the poet, how much more worthy of admiration is the skill of him who pours forth his ideas in the glowing language of Nature; who becomes familiar with all her beauties, who learns by heart all her characters, though numerous and varied, to an extent that reduces the amplitude of the Chinese tongue to a contracted alphabet; and who can trace them through all their combinations, from the simplest blade of grass in the field, to the most complex ex-

ample of her power, in that alpha and omega of her hand, the hieroglyphic miracle, man.

The painter's eye, to sovereign beauty true,
Marks every grace, and heightens every hue;
Follows the fair through all her forms and wiles,
Studies her airs, and triumphs in her smiles;
Imagines wondrous scenes as Fancy warms,
And revels rich in all Creation's charms:
His art her homage, and his soul her shrine,
She rules his life, and regulates his line;
While rapt to frenzy as the goddess fires,
He pours to view the visions she inspires.

Presented to the cultur'd eye of Taste,
No rock is barren, and no wild is waste;
No shape uncouth, or savage, but in place,
Excites an interest, or assumes a grace;
Whether the year's successive seasons roll,
Or Proteus passion paint the varying soul;
Whether, apart consider'd, or combin'd,
The forms of matter, and the traits of mind;
Nature, exhaustless, still has power to warm,
And every change of scene a novel charm:
The dome-crown'd city, or the cottag'd plain,
The rough cragg'd mountain, or tumultuous main;
The temple rich, in trophied pride array'd,
Or mould'ring in the melancholy shade;
The spoils of tempest, or the wrecks of time;
The earth abundant, and the heaven sublime:
All to the painter purest joys impart,
Delight his eye, and stimulate his art.

From sense reclaim'd to bliss of nobler birth,
He envies not the bustling sons of earth,
Who anxious climb the heights of wealth and power,
The care-cloth'd pageants of a restless hour;
For him unlock the springs of finer joy,
The stores of soul, the sweets that never cloy;
Nature for him unfolds her fairest day,
For him puts on her picturesque array;
Beneath his eye new-brightens all her charms,
And yields her blushing beauties to his arms;
His prize and praise pursu'd in shades or crowds;
He fancies prodigies, and peoples clouds;
Arrests in rapid glance each fleeting form,
Loves the mild calm, and studies in the storm.

To this eulogy of painting every painter will cordially assent, but the poet will not so promptly acquiesce in his own degradation. Impartial judges will maintain that the powers of the painter and the poet are both creative; and, when employed under the inspiration of real genius, the effects of both are eminently striking. In some instances the painter has the advantages of the poet, and in others the reverse is equally true. If the former exceed the latter in the exactness with which his conceptions are embodied, the latter often presents pictures to the imagination which the former cannot express by the utmost force of his art. The painter can only catch a particular instant, while the poet can exhibit the progress of an action; and, though the artist may boast of the superiority of imitation over description, he must know that "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" often sees more than lines and colours can possibly exhibit. Besides, an impartial estimate must not overlook the superior *number* of the poet's pictures. While the painter is laboriously embodying a a single image, the poet produces a thousand pictures, and, though each individual sketch may be inferior to the painter's individual labour, a *thousand* of the first may be collectively of more value than the *single* one of the last.

A.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VI.

To the Reflector.

SIR,

I KNOW not whether I am not taking too great a liberty in addressing you; but as my motive is not a selfish one, but, as you will perceive, to benefit a man whom I am desirous of serving, that must plead my excuse. The subject of my letter is a man in the prime of life, but apparently disgusted with every thing it is capable of affording. He is like one who has but just fairly commenced that journey which we must all take, and seems terrified by the disasters he has already encountered, and those he yet may meet. The death of a wife, whom he appears to have loved with the greatest tenderness, has left a blank in his mind and in his enjoyments, which nothing seems capable of filling up, and for which nothing seems able to console him. On the past he looks back with anxiety, and on the future with fear and reluctance; that has to him been a scene where disappointment has been the principal actor, and this seems to promise a fate no happier. Nor is the grief which preys upon him of that loud and obtrusive kind which seems to beg for observation and pity; but that silent kind of sensation which is not incompatible with occasional hours of pensive and, perhaps, pleasing melancholy. Yet it seems to weigh "heavy at his heart," and these intervals appear like the weak glimmerings of a wintry sun, or the occasional flashes of a dying fire.

His habits of life, his natural disposition, his studies, every thing contributes to the nourishment of that feeling which threatens to bury him while living, and make this life the grave of all his joys. It is not long since he lent me "Zimmerman on Solitude," with a leaf turned down at the following affecting passage: "Leave me to myself," I exclaimed a thousand times. Within two years after my arrival in Germany, I lost the lovely idol of my heart, the amiable companion of my life. Her departed spirit still hovers round me; the tender recollection of all that she was to me, the afflicting remembrance of all that she suffered on my account, are always present to my mind. What purity and innocence! what mildness and affability! Her death was as calm and resigned as her soul was pure and virtuous! During five long months the pangs of dissolution hung continually round her. One day, as she reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her "The Death of Christ," by Ramler, she cast her eyes over the page, and silently pointed out to me the following passage: "My breath grows weak, my days are shortened, my heart is full of affliction, and my soul prepares to take its flight." Alas! when I recall these circumstances to my mind, and recollect how impossible it was for me to abandon the world at this moment of anguish and distress, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions, nor courage to resist them; while I was pursued by malice, and outraged by calumny; in such a situation, I can easily conceive my exclamation might be "Leave me to myself."

Such were the sentiments expressed on the page which was folded down; such, perhaps, had recently been his situation. It was like the picture of an absent friend, which recalled the well-known and living features to recollection, or rather presented them in an inanimate manner; every circumstance which attended the last parting moments of a beloved wife were here, perhaps, exactly related. Grief had taken possession of his soul, and thus did he nourish the destroying invader.

Riding with him one morning, we conversed some time with an easy cheerfulness on his part, on mine with all that gaiety which health, the freshness of morning, and the view of a fine country naturally produced. I was pleased with the hope

that his mind had recovered its usual tone, that the violence of his grief had subsided, and that tranquillity and cheerfulness had again resumed their place in the bosom they had so long deserted.

We proceeded to ——, where we sat down to breakfast; our conversation, however, continued, but it had lost its former animated character, and insensibly changed into a discussion of the nature of the more violent passions. I observed that those emotions which were distinguished for their intensity, were likewise so for the shortness of their existence. "Ah," said he, "I once thought so too, but experience has convinced me of my error: grief, for instance, will endure while there remains one animating principle in the bosom which nourishes it."

"True," I replied; "but this is not the nature of grief; if it is suffered to take its natural course only, it will, sooner or later, subside; it cannot exist on nothing: but if it is nourished by every possible means, if every inlet of joy, and every source of comfort and consolation are closed, and nothing but mournful reflections indulged, it will, like a volcanic fire, burn on till it consumes the parent who nourishes it. But I fear, my friend, you have already nourished it too much; already has it weakened your frame, and made you incapable of enjoyment. Rouse yourself from this culpable lethargy, equally dangerous to mind and body; call forth every slumbering principle which can promote cheerfulness; for your body you must call a physician, for your mind you must find one in yourself." My discourse was interrupted by a sigh, and "I have nothing more to do in this world, and I care not how soon I leave it." "Psha," said I, "this is not as it should be; you are young, and may yet experience much happiness." He smiled; it was a smile which at once expressed his doubt and his gentleness; he was too mild for contradiction, but his smile was full of meaning.

Show him, Mr. Reflector, the impropriety of his conduct, and the dangerous tendency of indulging sentiments so opposite to reason and to revelation, and you will oblige both him and your most obedient,

ANTONIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

ABSTRACT OF A REPORT ON AMERICAN ROADS.

THE committee of the senate of the United States, to whom was referred the examination of the act entitled "An act to enable the people of the eastern division of the territory north-west of the river Ohio to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the union, on an equal footing with the original states, and for other purposes," and to report the manner the money appropriated by said act ought to be applied, report as follows:

That, upon the examination of the act, they find the one-twentieth part, or five per cent. of the nett proceeds of the lands lying within the state of Ohio, and sold by congress after the 30th June, 1802, is appropriated for laying out and making public roads, leading from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic to the river Ohio, to said state, and through the same; such roads to be laid out under the authority of congress, with the consent of the several states through which the roads shall pass.

By a subsequent law, passed on the 3d of March, 1803, congress appropriated 3 per cent. of the said 5 per cent. to laying out and making roads within the state of Ohio, leaving 2 per cent. of the appropriation contained in the first mentioned law unexpended; which now remains for "the laying out and making roads from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic, to the river Ohio, to said state."

The nett proceeds of sales of lands

	Dolls. Cts.
in the state of Ohio, from July 1st, 1802, to June 30th, 1803, inclusive, was	124,400 92
From 1st July, 1803, to June 30th, 1804,	176,203 35
From 1st July, 1804, to June 30th, 1805,	266,000
From 1st July, 1805, to 30th September, 1805,	66,000
Amounting in the whole to	$ 632,604 27

Two per cent. on which sum amounts to 12,652 dollars.

Twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars was, therefore, on the 1st of October last, subject to uses directed by law, as mentioned in this report. The fund is constantly accumulating, and will probably, by the time preparations can be made for its expenditure, amount to eighteen or twenty thousand dollars.

The committee have examined, as far as their limited time, and the scanty sources of facts within their reach, would permit, the various routes which have been contemplated, for laying out roads pursuant to the provisions of the act first mentioned.

The distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is 314 miles, by the usual route, and on a straight line about 270.

From Philadelphia to the nearest point on the river Ohio, contiguous to the state of Ohio, which is probably between Steubenville and the mouth of Grave creek, the distance by the usual route is 360 miles, and on a straight line about 308.

From Baltimore to the river Ohio, between the same points, and by the usual route, is 275 miles, and on a straight line 224.

From this city (Washington), to the same points on the river Ohio, the distance is nearly the same as from Baltimore, probably the difference is not a plurality of miles.

From Richmond, in Virginia, to the nearest point on the Ohio, the distance by the usual route is 377 miles, but new roads are opening, which will shorten the distance 50 or 60 miles; 247 miles of the proposed road from Richmond northwesterly will be as good as the roads usually are in that country, but the remaining 70 or 80 miles are bad for the present, and probably will remain so for a long time, as there seems to be no present inducement for the state of Virginia to incur the expense of making that part of the road passable. From Baltimore to the Monongahela, where the route from Baltimore to the Ohio will intersect it, the distance, as usually travelled, is 218 miles, and on a straight line about 184. From this point, which is at or near Brownsville, boats can pass down with great facility to the state of Ohio, during several months in the year.

The above distances are not all stated from actual mensuration, but they are sufficiently correct for the present purpose.

The committee have not examined any routes northward of that leading from Philadelphia to the Ohio, nor southward of that leading from Richmond, because they suppose the roads to be laid out must strike the Ohio, in order to fulfil the law.

The mercantile intercourse of the citizens of Ohio, with those of the Atlantic states, is chiefly with Philadelphia and Baltimore; not very extensive with the towns on the Potomac within the district of Columbia, and still less with Richmond in Virginia. At present, the greatest portion of their trade is with Philadelphia; but their trade is rapidly increasing with Baltimore, owing to the difference of distance in favour of Baltimore, and to the advantage of boating down the Monongahela, from the point where the road strikes it, about 70 miles by water, and 50 by land, above Pittsburg.

The sum appropriated for making roads is so small, that the committee have thought it most expedient to direct an expenditure to one route

only; they have therefore endeavoured to fix on that which, for the present, will be most convenient to the citizens of Ohio, leaving to the future benevolence and policy of congress an extension of them on this or any other route, and an increase of the requisite fund; as experience may point out their expediency or necessity. A wise government can never lose sight of an object so important as that of connecting a numerous and rapidly increasing population, spread over a fertile and extensive country, with the Atlantic states, now separated from them by mountains, which, by industry and expence, moderate compared with the advantages, can be rendered passable.

The route from Richmond must necessarily approach the state of Ohio in a part thinly inhabited; and which, from the nature of the soil and other circumstances, must remain so, at least for a long time; and, from the hilly and rough condition of the country, no roads can be conveniently made leading to the principal population of the state of Ohio. These considerations have induced us to postpone, for the present, any further consideration of that route.

The spirit and perseverance of the people of Pennsylvania are such, in road making, that, no doubt, they will, in a little time, complete a road from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, as good as the nature of the ground will permit. They are so particularly interested to facilitate the intercourse between their trading capital Philadelphia, not only to Pittsburg, but also to the extensive country within their own state, on the western waters, that they will of course surmount the difficulties presented by the Alleghany, Chesnut ridge, and Laurel hill, the three great and almost the sole impediments which now exist on that route.

The people of Maryland, with no less spirit and perseverance, are engaged in making roads from Baltimore and the western boundary of the district of Columbia, through Fredericktown to Williamsport.

Were the government of the United States to direct the expenditure of the fund in contemplation upon either of these routes, for the present, in Pennsylvania or Maryland, it would probably so far interfere with the respective states as to produce mischief instead of benefit; especially as the sum to be laid out by the United States is too inconsiderable alone to effect objects of such magnitude. But as Maryland has no particular interest to extend its road across the mountains, and if it had it would be impracticable, because the state does not extend so far, the committee have thought it expedient to recommend the making of a road from Cumberland, on the north bank of the Potomac, and within the state of Maryland, to the river Ohio, at the most convenient place between a point on the eastern bank of said river, opposite to Steubenville and the mouth of Grave creek, which empties into the Ohio, a little below Whelen, in Virginia. This route will meet and accommodate the roads leading from Baltimore and the district of Columbia; it will cross the Monongahela at or near Brownsville, sometimes called Redstone, where the advantage of boating can be taken, and from the point where it will probably intersect the Ohio, there are now roads, or they can easily be made over feasible and proper ground, through the principal population of the state of Ohio.

Cumberland is situated at the eastern foot of the Alleghany mountain, about eighty miles from Williamsport by the usual route, which is circuitous, owing to a large bend in the Potomac, on the bank of which the road now runs; the distance on a straight line is not more than 50 or 55 miles, and over tolerable ground for a road, which will probably be opened by the state of Maryland, should the proposed route be established over the mountains.

From Cumberland to the western extremity of Laurel hill, by the

route now travelled, the distance is 66 miles, and on a straight line about 55. On this part of the route the first and very considerable expenditures are specially necessary. From Laurel hill to the Ohio river, by the usual route, is about 70 miles, and on a straight line 54 or 55; the road is tolerable, though capable of improvement.

To carry into effect the principles arising from the foregoing facts, the committee present a bill for the consideration of the senate. To take the proper measures for carrying into effect the section of the law respecting a road or roads to the state of Ohio, is a duty imposed upon congress by the law itself.

To enlarge on the high importance of cementing the union of our citizens on the western waters with those of the Atlantic states, would be unnecessary. Politicians have generally agreed that rivers unite the interests and promote the friendship of those who inhabit their banks; while mountains, on the contrary, tend to the disunion and estrangement of those who are separated by them. In the present case, to make the crooked ways straight and the rough ways smooth, will in effect remove the intervening mountains, and, by facilitating the intercourse of our western brethren with those on the Atlantic, essentially unite them *in interest*, which is the most effectual means of uniting the human race.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARITIME IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. GRANT, who has lately published an account of his voyage, circumnavigated the globe in vessels which, according to the opinion of some who might have been esteemed competent judges, were not fit to go to sea! His ship, the Lady Nelson, did not lose a single man, and arrived at Port Jackson, in New Holland, without the least damage in hull, mast, or rigging. There was novelty in the construction of the Lady Nelson, which, upon Mr. Grant's experience, is also a most important improvement. She was built with a sliding keel, divided into three several parts, with considerable intervals between them. Mr. Grant and captain Shank are of opinion, that vessels thus constructed sail faster, steer easier, tack and wear quicker and in less room, carry more freight, draw less water, ride easier at anchor, take the ground better, are more likely to be saved in case of shipwreck, have the advantage of all others in case of losing the rudder, and last longer than those built in the common way.

For the Literary Magazine.

PICTURE OF ZAHARA.

ZAHARA is a sandy plain in northern Africa, in general near two thousand miles in length, and one thousand in breadth.

At present there are thirty-two known oases, or habitable countries, in the Zahara, which have been rendered fertile by springs of fresh water. The largest of these are inhabited by different tribes. Those colonies of Moors, which overspread the desert of Barbary, are said to be seventeen in number. The other oases, being not so large, only serve as points for the refreshment and rest of caravans, and small parties of way-farers.

The caravans traverse this great desert in nine principal directions. The Moorish tribes who reside in it, pass over it at every point.

The soil of the Zahara consists of fine sand, a mass of small and uncombined particles; these particles, however, are not stony, like the

elements of sand, but susceptible of petrification. Being composed of infinitely small grains to a very great depth, and being agitated by winds like the waves of the sea, they are formed into mountains, which, from the same cause, are shortly after dispersed, and raised to a considerable height, till their diffusion obscures the rays of the sun.

On this sandy extent there may frequently be seen columns of sand resembling water-spouts. Their nature is averse to combination, since in the whole desert there are scarcely any rocks, and fertile countries sparingly scattered in it.

From the plains north of the Senegal I have seen these sand-spouts rise in the form of columns, sometimes advancing with rapidity, at others proceeding with majestic slowness, and at all times affording a grand and magnificent spectacle. Their rapidity is sometimes so great that they are scarcely visible, when they vanish so as to resemble ribbons floating in the air, the lower extremities always touching the earth; at other times their upper extremities rise to an immense height, and are lost in the clouds: these spouts frequently break at a great elevation, and the immense volume of sand is dispersed through the atmosphere; at other times they break apparently in the middle, and the report is similar to the explosion of a mine.

One day I counted three of these spouts at the distance of about a mile from each other: the diameter of the greatest seemed to be two feet, and the rapidity of all of them was prodigious.

Vast as the Zahara is, compared in extent with some mighty kingdoms of Europe, it occupies no considerable portion of Africa. I am inclined to believe that it has not always been an unproductive and solitary desert, though no evidence exists to support our conjectures of its former fertility and population.

For the Literary Magazine.

WRECKERS.

THE West India wreckers are persons licensed by the governor of the Bahamas to cruize among these islands, and afford relief to wrecked vessels. By way of recompense, they receive salvage on whatever property they rescue from the waves. They are hardy, dexterous, and enterprizing; being habituated, from early life, to the perils of the deep, and to diving for *conchs*, which abound on their shores. The ensuing dialogue is a striking comment on their notions of morality:

Happening, says a late voyager, in the course of one of my passages through the Bahamas, to fall in with a wrecker, I held as long a conversation with him as his haste would permit, and was inquisitive on the subject of his occupation. I will set down the dialogue as it took place.

Q. From whence came you?

A. (As it caught my ear) From Providence—last from *Philimingo* Bay, in *Icumy* (a familiar way of pronouncing *Flamingo* Bay, in *Exuma*).

Q. Where are you bound to?

A. On a *racking* voyage to Quby (Cuba) and the westward.

Q. Are there many of you in this quarter?

A. Morgan, I, and Phinander (Fernandez): parted company awhile ago.

Q. What success in cruizing?

A. Middling, but middling.

Q. We have seen very few wreckers to the eastward; are there many to the westward?

A. We lay with forty sail four months along *Floriday* shore.

Q. Forty sail! Then certainly you must have had many opportunities of being essentially serviceable to vessels passing the gulf stream, by directing them to keep off from places of danger, with which you

made it your business to become acquainted?

A. Not much of that; they went on generally in the night.

Q. But then you might have afforded them timely notice, by making beacons on shore, or showing your lights?

A. No, no (laughing): we always put them out, for a better chance by night.

Q. But would there not have been more humanity in showing them their danger?

A. I did not go there for humanity: I went *racking*. (In truth, as strong an apology as any that can be suggested for it.)

For the Literary Magazine.

SUBTERRANEAN SKETCH OF SWEDEN.

SWEDEN may truly be designated as a mineral country, for the metals actually constitute the principal source of its wealth and prosperity. In this point of view, nature may be said to have treated the inhabitants in the same manner that a sage but economical mother treats her children; for she has granted whatsoever is necessary with profusion, what may be deemed useful with moderation, and what is brilliant, but dangerous, with parsimony.

In that country the quantity of the different metals is in the inverse proportion of the price of gold, silver, copper, and iron. The mountains, in addition to these, contain marble and other ornamental stones, which at present are merely objects of curiosity, but will, at some period not far distant, be better known.

Of the precious metals, little more than mere *specimens* may be said to be obtained. A few unproductive mines, which private persons had undertaken to work during the last century, have been abandoned, and gold is at present extracted from but two. At Aldelfars, in the province of Smaland, in the course of twenty-six years, they have only obtained to the amount of 70,000 franks; and, from the produce of Fahlun, in conjunction with the above, Sweden cannot be said to have reaped more than forty-five marks of gold annually.

The only silver mine worthy of notice is that of Sala, in Westmania. During the reign of Christina it yielded 20,000 marks of silver; but at present it produces no more than from two to three thousand, which scarcely repays the expences.

It is worked by an association of several individuals, who are favoured by means of certain special privileges, burthensome to the whole canton, and is one of those establishments at first projected by a blind cupidity, and afterwards persevered in from mere habit, without being attended either with advantage to the public or to individuals.

Copper is one of the principal productions of Sweden. At the present period, however, they do not extract more than from six to seven thousand ship-pounds* yearly, from all the ten copper mines now worked. The two principal ones are those of Fahlun, in Dalecarlia, and Atwidaberg, in Ostrogothia, the latter of which alone produces 2000 ship-pounds.

The former of these merits particular attention in every point of view. It is known in that country by the name of the *Kopparberg*, and situate at about forty leagues to the north of Stockholm. It is visited every year by a multitude of travellers, some of whom are induced to repair thither from an attachment to mineralogical pursuits, and others from motives of mere curiosity. In 1802, I myself happened to be there, and employed nearly four hours in examining the mine.

* A ship-pound, or schip-pund, is the usual measure of minerals in the north of Europe, and nearly equivalent to three French quintals.

You first descend (having been previously provided with a kind of masquerade dress), by means of a staircase, to the bottom of an immense excavation, and afterwards penetrate into its recesses by means of a narrow passage, at the end of which you seem to have arrived at the region of shades. One of the miners precedes, and another follows, each carrying a lighted torch of pine; the column of travellers advances slowly by the light of these, sometimes through galleries cut into the rock, sometimes descending along ladders, and sometimes crossing frail bridges, suspended over terrible abysses.

The mineral, which appertains to a company of two hundred different proprietors, is equally divided among them; sixty only of these, who possess a knowledge of the art, have the privilege of smelting it, and they alone have the privilege of purchasing the other shares. At Fahlun it is only converted into what is termed *black copper*, by working; after which it is carried to a furnace, for the purpose of being again purified.

The former of these operations is performed by means of wood, with which the mineral is intermixed, and the thick smoke which arises at once darkens and infects the horizon around. We are assured, however, "that neither man nor animals are affected, and that no particular malady is known either in that town or neighbourhood: but the plants as well as the edifices experience the effects of these exhalations, in which vitriol predominates. It is only by means of extraordinary care that the adjacent lands are rendered in any degree fertile. The wood, of which most of the houses are composed, is also corroded by the air impregnated with these vapours, and becomes insensibly converted into a species of charcoal, which yields to the pressure of the fingers. These exhalations," it is added, "even attack metal itself. The inhabitants of Fahlun are particularly desirous to cover their churches with plates of a mineral to which they are indebted for their prosperity, but this *sheathing* of copper is soon attacked by the vitriolic vapours, and stands in need of being frequently repaired."

About five hundred workmen are constantly employed in the mine of Fahlun. They never sleep, and but seldom eat their meals, in the subterraneous regions; two persons, however, remain constantly below, to prevent any accident by fire. Eight horses are kept in stables cut out of the solid rock; a council room has also been formed in the same manner; the principal persons connected with the works sometimes assemble there, "and it was there also that Gustavus III, affecting originality in every thing, without recurring to the forms usually employed in the Swedish chancery, without consulting the ministers whom he had left behind him on the surface of the earth, signed a royal proclamation, by which he granted an exemption from certain duties on gold, silver, and lead."

For the Literary Magazine.

LETTERS OF GRAY.

IN a late work, translated from the German by miss Plumtre, there appears several letters from the poet Gray, to a gentleman of Switzerland, by name Bonstetten.

Bonstetten, in his youth, resided for some time at Cambridge, during which he enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with the poet Gray, who attached himself to him with great ardour, and soon became his warmest and most confidential friend. Every one who is acquainted with Gray's works will doubtless read with the deepest interest the following reliques of his correspondence with his young friend.

"*Cambridge, April* 12, 1770.

"Never did I feel, my dear Bonstetton, to what a tedious length the

few short moments of our life may be extended, by impatience and expectation, till you had left me; nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the sultan in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water, and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you are only owing to your last letter: a temporary gleam of sunshine, heaven knows when it may shine again; I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship; I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose: he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. 'It includes,' he says, 'qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension, and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul,' continues he, 'will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate; a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract a habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life, and on death, consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such,' says he, 'is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind.' But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the theatres that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember that extraordinary vices, and extraordinary virtues, are equally the produce of a vigorous mind: little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other. 'If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again:' for my part, to my sorrow, I have had that happiness; I see the principal features, and I forsee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this; I return to your letter. It proves, at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to show your heart simply, and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow."

"*April* 19, 1770.

"Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, '*Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;*" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow; the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears; there, on the corner of the fender you are standing, or tinkling on the pianoforte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow? I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am go-

ing in a few days to see poor N——, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. 'I am concerned,' says he, 'that I cannot pass half my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled, and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger of education, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or he will forget me thus in insulam relegatum. If he should, it is out of my power to retaliate.' Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! He has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you; are you untouched by them?

"You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! But they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill-company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women, *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by Nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despote."

May 9, 1770.

"I am returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathise with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am, I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled; and, as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words, "*La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelaces.*"

For the Literary Magazine.

A PORTRAIT OF A PROJECTOR.

AN enterprising man in narrow circumstances (for the rich will seldom risk in this kind of adventure until the probability of success is rendered in some measure considerable); a poor man conceives a project by which he hopes to alter his circumstances, and considers the means, mechanical as well as commercial, that is to say, how the thing is to be done, and how he shall acquire the means of paying the expence of doing it. For the former he must depend upon his own ingenuity, and for the latter he can seldom, at first, have any greater dependence than the spare time he can afford from those exertions

of industry which are necessary to procure him bread. After much incessant labour, too often attended with severe distress from borrowing too much of the indispensible time required for his subsistence, the projector either finds himself reduced to beggary, or his plan becomes so far probable, in respect to its result, that he can apply to some other man of greater capital than himself for assistance.

This second projector is usually a man of small fortune, and disposed to adventure from motives somewhat of the same kind as those which impelled the original contriver. He engages part of his little property in the scheme, with the hopes of speedily becoming independent. Difficulties still present themselves; more money is wanted; and as long as the monied man can supply the necessities of the invention and of the inventor, he is in all probability tempted by the sanguine expectations of the latter to go on. Embarrassment, contention, legal processes, ruin to the man who risked his property, and a prison to the inventor, are too frequently the result of this first combination, even in cases where the invention may itself have been of value; and still more frequently, when, as it commonly happens, the invention is the mere speculation of an uninformed, and, perhaps, unprincipled man. For it is the nature of these undertakings, as soon as the mind becomes habituated to them, that they mislead the operator into a notion of their probable success in spite of every intervening impediment; and the inventor must possess more fortitude than usually falls to the lot of a poor man, if he does not go on to flatter himself and his partner as long as any money is to be by such means obtained.

When the inventor has acted uprightly, or the first supporter proves a candid man, and not of a vindictive disposition, it commonly happens that he withdraws out of the concern with the loss of a whole or a part of his capital, and retains no share whatever in it, lest the legal consequences of a partnership should, at some future period, deprive him of the remainder of his property. The inventor must then apply to some other capitalist, himself possessing tools and machinery, and his former friend being left to the chance of that remuneration which the gratitude or the justice of the speculator may afford him; a chance which, upon the whole, as the future labours of the inventor will probably be considerable, is not likely to realize itself in any beneficial form. A second and a third supporter may in this way be tired or exhausted. The inventor necessarily learns much at their expence, and either becomes an unprincipled speculator, or contriver of schemes to raise money in this express way; or else he goes on to perfect his invention, and the last partner either shares it with him, purchases it of him, or by some quirk of law deprives him of the whole.

From this crude outline of a process which is every day going forward, especially in Great Britain; a process which, like the lottery, enriches a few, while multitudes become the losers, it may be seen how little upon the whole it is likely that inventors should pass through all the difficulties of their progress from poverty to opulence, by the extreme labour of bringing a new scheme to perfection, subject to an endless struggle with partners, whose natural interest and prudential motives ought to lead them to proceed with slowness and caution.

For the Literary Magazine.

WELD'S TRAVELS.

I HAVE made some extracts from this work, in order to show those who have no opportunity of judging for themselves, how little credit is due to the remarks of this mistaken and prejudiced writer.

Page 3, speaking of Philadelphia, he says, "The city makes a poor appearance, as nothing is visible from the water but confused heaps of *wooden storehouses*, crowded upon each other." His travels were published in 1798; and who that has ever visited the eastern part of our city at that time, and long before, would suppose Mr. Weld had ever seen it? Did he write from mere recollection, careless whether he wrote truth or falsehood, so that he could furnish the people of the united kingdom with a book, and himself with the profits; or did he knowingly write a falsehood? I will not say he did the latter, though I cannot well conceive how he could possibly commit so gross an error.

Page 12. "Amongst the uppermost circles in Philadelphia, pride, haughtiness, and ostentation are conspicuous; and it seems as if nothing could make them happier than that an order of nobility should be established, by which they might be exalted above their fellow-citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit. In the manners of the people in general there is a coldness and reserve, as if they were suspicious of some designs against them, which chills to the very heart those who come to visit them. In their private societies a *tristesse* is apparent, near which mirth and gaiety can never approach." Perhaps one who is not well acquainted with the manners of "the uppermost circles" in other cities beside the one in which he resides, has no right to determine on the correctness of the remarks in the first part of the foregoing passage; but I think I may safely pronounce it, if not false, something so much like it as scarcely to merit a distinction. I very much question if Mr. W. mixed much with society of any kind, particularly the higher classes, for he would have found by far too much good breeding, urbanity, and affability, and too little "pride, haughtiness, and ostentation," to justify a remark so destitute of truth and candour. With respect to the second observation, I must observe, that I have been resident in Philadelphia too long not to know that there is as little truth in this as in the other: with a few exceptions, every foreigner may rest assured of being treated by our citizens as they are treated by him; if he is affable, he will find them so; if his conversation is free and unrestrained, he will find theirs no less so; if he laughs, they will laugh with him; and if he weeps (but Mr. W. forgot to mention this), they will weep with him; nor will they stop here, for they will wipe away his tears, and anoint his face with the oil of gladness. What he means by a *tristesse* I cannot tell, but I am certain it is a something not very common, for he says mirth and gaiety can never approach it. Now I have been in very many companies, where mirth and gaiety was ever a welcome and cherished guest, when his presence was not inconsistent with propriety and decorum; but this man delights in misrepresentation, when speaking of this city and its inhabitants, as will be plainly seen hereafter.

Page 17. "I must here observe, that among the generality of the lower sort of people in the United States, and particularly amongst those of Philadelphia, there is a want of good manners which excites the surprise of almost every foreigner. I wish also that it may not be thought that this remark has been made merely because the same deference and the same respectful attention which we see so commonly paid, by the lower orders in Great Britain and Ireland, to those who are in a situation somewhat superior to themselves, is not also paid in America to persons in the same station: it is the want of common civility I complain of, which it is always desirable to hold between man and man, let their situations in life be what they may, and which is not contrary to the dictates of nature, or to the spirit of genuine liberty, as it is observable in the behaviour of the wild Indians that wander through the forests of this vast continent, the most free and independent of all hu-

man beings. In the United States, however, the lower classes of people will return rude and impertinent answers to questions couched in the most civil terms; and will insult a person that bears the appearance of a gentleman, on purpose to show how much they consider themselves on an equality with him. Civility cannot be purchased from them on any terms; they seem to think that it is incompatible with freedom, and that there is no other way of convincing a stranger that he is really in a land of liberty, but by being surly and ill-mannered in his presence."

In what light the manners of the people in Philadelphia appear to foreigners I know not; perhaps they may be surprised to find less good manners here than in Europe; a proposition, however, which I do not fully assent to. But is Mr. W. to determine in what good manners shall consist? Notwithstanding this very good-natured gentleman is so very obliging as not to expect the same deference, &c., here, which is found in Great Britain and Ireland, he has discovered a want of *common civility!* Ah, Mr. Weld, however you may attempt to qualify it, a falsehood so gross will never go down; it will still remain an abominable and nauseating falsehood, only to be relished and digested by such slaves as yourself, who, while in the land of potatoes, are humble and unassuming; but, when landed on a shore where they are unknown, they assume all that arrogance and pride they complain of; and when it is proudly and properly repelled by an independent and indignant spirit, they are only paid in their own coin. Every one who has been here knows, and, if candid, will readily admit, that even among the lowest classes a civil answer may be obtained on very easy terms—by asking a civil question; and be assured, sir, every one will attribute the bad treatment you met with, if such was the case, to its proper cause, a want of civility in yourself. The people of America are not yet reduced to the wretched expedient of showing their freedom by their incivility; nor have they occasion. Thank heaven, they have the substance of liberty, and they care not though as impertinent a fellow as yourself should run away with the shadow; however, I would not advise you to publish your arrival in the public prints, when next you condescend to visit Philadelphia, for should you, depend on it, the contempt you merit will follow you in every walk, and cross you in every path.

Page 74. "The farmer also, who rents fifty acres of arable land in England, lives far more comfortably, in every respect, than the farmer of Pennsylvania, or in any other of the middle states, who owns 200 acres of land; his house will be better furnished, and his table more plentifully covered. That the farmers do not live better in America, I hardly know whether to ascribe to their love of making money, or to their real indifference about better fare; perhaps it may be owing, in some measure, to both; certain it is, however, that their mode of living is most wretched." As to the manner in which the farmers of England live, all the information I have collected, and I think my sources correct, gives the "lie direct" to Mr. W.'s assertions. And respecting the causes which induce the farmers of Pennsylvania to live so wretchedly, he need not be at the trouble to investigate; he need neither ascribe it to their love of making money, or to their real indifference about better fare: it is owing to neither, for it is not the truth: the farmers of Pennsylvania live as well as any people in the world, if living well consists in having good houses to live in, and tables well loaded with the wholesomest productions of their native soil. If they have not many luxuries, it is not because they cannot have them, but because they do not want them; and surely the farmers of England cannot boast of enjoying a luxurious life, if authors of reputation may be relied on; and I think almost any one

is entitled to more credit than one who deals so largely in falsehood and misrepresentation.

Page 65. After complaining of the taverns, the provisions, and the incivility of the hostlers, "who," he says, "are so sullen and disobliging, that you feel inclined to do every thing yourself rather than be indebted to them for their assistance," he adds, "nor will money make them alter their conduct; civility, as I have before said, is not to be purchased in America; nevertheless, the people will pocket your money with the utmost readiness, though without thanking you for it. Of all beings on the earth, Americans are the most interested and covetous."

The first part of this passage contains merely a repetition of what he has before asserted; it is therefore unnecessary to notice it: but who but Mr. W. would have hazarded the last assertion? This is an infamous attempt to degrade the people of these states to the same place with the most contemptible of mankind—misers: but deeds are better than words to prove the falsity of the charge. I refer to our public charities, to the assistance so generally and mutually afforded in times of public as well as private calamity. With this trait of their character he could not be unacquainted, and yet he says, "Of all beings on the earth, Americans are the most interested and covetous."

Page 23. After speaking of the bold and extensive prospects about Chesapeake bay and the Susquehannah, he says, "The generality of Americans stare with astonishment at a person who can feel any delight at passing through such a country as this." The people of America are not more insensible to the beauties of nature, in their rudest and most uncultivated forms, than the people of other countries; but to leave fancy and imagination out of the question, the friend of his country must be excused if he should admire waving fields of ripening grain, and rich meadows furnishing subsistence to large droves of sturdy cattle, to lofty mountains, falling cascades, rocky promontories, and extensive forests. I have selected but a small portion of the falsehoods of this writer; but, judging from those errors which I am able to detect with my slender means of information, I have no doubt but he has been guilty of many more which have escaped my notice.

My memory furnishes me with a few more of his errors, proceeding from misinformation, or a less excusable cause. Speaking of this city, he says, "In the summer season, poultry is not killed till a few hours before it is intended to be eaten." He ought to have known, that most of the poultry is killed, not because it is already engaged by persons who incline to use it, but is sold publicly in the market, where it frequently hangs more than a few hours exposed for sale. "Milk," he says, "will not, in the same season, keep more than two hours." There are few indeed who are not sensible of the erroneous nature of this remark. "During the heat of the day," says he, "the houses are in general shut up, and no more light is admitted than is absolutely necessary: nobody stirs out but those who must, and of these, such whose business does not make it inconvenient, carry umbrellas. In the evening, however, the people crowd about their doors, take their walk, and pay visits, till about ten o'clock; at eleven every one (I suppose he means most of them) are at home, and no city in the world is quieter at that hour."

The greater part of these remarks are true; but more people expose themselves to the summer's heat, without cause, than he is aware of, particularly on Sundays and holidays, as every one who has resided in Philadelphia must have observed. Any one who has never been here, when reading the above passage, would form an opinion very different from the truth; he would be apt to conclude that in the day time, in summer, our streets were very nearly empty; yet such is far from being the case. But Mr. Weld did

not mention, that of the people of this city, a very large portion are of that description who always have business out of doors, at all seasons. Yet I do not blame him much for this omission, for other travellers are equally to blame in making general observations. A traveller, speaking of Palermo, says, "During the prevalence of the siroc wind, nobody stirs out but those who are compelled to do it." Yet, as he has not told us how great a portion of the population are compelled, we may make a gross mistake in picturing to our minds an idea of the appearance of that city, at the above-mentioned season. VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWEDES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Mr. Collin.

THE first colony from Sweden came in 1634, and was increased at several times till 1654. It was next year conquered by the Dutch, who had a prior and far stronger establishment on North river, but fell, with this, under the British dominion in 1664. Sweden could not retake the country from Holland, because it was at war with several great powers, and afterwards ceded its claim to England, by a treaty, in which property, civil rights, and free exercise of religion were secured to the people.

The Swedish government had no farther expectation of political or commercial benefits from them, but yet continued a very generous care for their spiritual welfare, by a regular succession of missionaries, defraying the whole expence of their voyages, furnishing a part of their support, and pensioning them when they returned, until they got suitable preferments. As their number was generally three or four, and the greater part of them went home within ten years, the total expence has amounted to ten thousand pounds sterling. The missionaries had, as all the Swedish clergy have, a learned education. By their zealous exertions, six churches have been built, and landed estates acquired, whose increasing revenues became the principal funds for supporting divine worship. They spared no pains for preserving the language, but it declined from the following causes. The original population was but small, and had no accession from Sweden after the separation. An account of all the families, taken in 1793, makes the number of them about 200, and the whole number of men, women, and children, about 1000. The choice of land, and of situations for hunting, fowling, fishing, and water-carriage, had occasioned wide scattering from the first main settlement about Christine creek, up and down Delaware on both sides, and on the streams that flow into it, at that early period: a few families had even gone to Elk river, and Egg harbour. In the course of time, many families joined in forming distant settlements, as about Malatton, now Pottsgrove, and on Maurice's river, in New Jersey. The missionaries could not often visit these remote parts, and a great portion of the people that lived above ten miles from the churches, could not frequently attend the public worship.

Schools were practicable only in the closer neighbourhoods. This dispersion opened a speedy admission of other people, and in proportion to their increasing number, frequent intermarriages. The greater part of the children from these learnt nothing, or very little, of the language. Not a few of the Swedes were grossly negligent of their mother tongue, especially those parents who spoke it well, and yet did not instruct their children in it. The continual operation of these causes, compelled the missionaries, sixty years ago, to preach occasionally in English; and within the last thirty years in some places generally, in others altogether. At present very

few natives of the Swedish race understand the language. The mission has also ceased in the states of Delaware and New Jersey.

The facility of the Swedes for learning and speaking the English language contributed to the loss of their own; yet many of other nations, that lived amongst them, learnt it well, especially many Dutch families, that became so incorporated with the Swedish congregations, that the national distinction was entirely effaced, and their descendants in general did not know their origin. Some of these, with others of German, English, Welch, Scots, Irish, &c. pedigree, nay, even some negroes, have spoken Swedish, though the majority of pure Swedish parentage have totally lost it.

The Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia, was consecrated the 2d of July, 1702, and styled *Gloria Dei*. Divine worship is there performed, once every month, in the Swedish language. The majority of attendants are natives of Sweden, some of them settled here, and others temporary residents, and the greater part of both are seamen. Natives of Denmark and Norway, of both descriptions, also frequent it, as they receive almost equal benefit from the service by the similarity of language. Since the independence of the United States, their commercial intercourse with these nations is pretty considerable. In some years four Swedish vessels, and as many Danish, have come to Philadelphia; and their number will probably increase.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARKWRIGHT'S COTTON SPINNING.

THE preparation of vegetable and animal fibres to form them into garments by weaving is very well known. The fibres themselves must first be properly disposed by combing or carding, after which treatment they are in a state ready to be spun. The card is a kind of brush made with wires instead of hair, the wire not being perpendicular to the plane, but all inclined one way in a certain angle. From this description, such as are totally unacquainted with the subject may conceive that cotton wool, being stuck upon one of those cards or brushes, may be scraped with another card in that direction, that the inclination of the wires may tend to throw the whole inwards rather than suffer it to come out. The consequence of the repeated strokes of the empty card against the full one must be a distribution of the whole more evenly on the surface, and, if one card be then drawn in the opposite direction across the other, it will, by virtue of the inclination of its wires, take the whole of the wool out of that card whose inclination is the contrary way. Without entering more fully upon the description of a process so common, we may make a few similar observations with regard to spinning. This is of two kinds; in the one the carded wool is suddenly drawn out during the rapid rotation of a spindle, and forms a loose yarn. In the other process the material is spun by a well known small engine or wheel, which requires the spinner to draw the material out between the finger and thumb of each hand. If we suppose the machine itself to be left at liberty, and turned without the assistance of the spinner, the twisted thread, being drawn inwards by the bobbin, would naturally gather more of the material, and form an irregular thread thicker and thicker, till at length the difficulty of drawing out so large a portion of material as had acquired the twist would become greater than that of snapping the smaller part of the thread, which would accordingly break. It is the business of the spinner to prevent this by drawing out the material with one hand, if the operator be skilful, but if not, with two, that is to say, by holding the material be-

tween the finger and thumb of each hand, the intermediate part may be drawn out to the requisite fineness previous to the twist, by separating the hands during the act of pinching. Every rational process of invention must consist, in the first place, in a careful analysis of the operations meant to be performed. The objects of Arkwright's improvements were carding and spinning. To do this by machinery, it was required either that the usual manœuvre of the carder should be performed with square cards, or that cylinders, covered with the kind of metallic brush-work, before described, should be made to revolve in contact with each other, either to card or to strip, accordingly as their respective velocities, directions, and inclinations of their wires might be adjusted. With regard to spinning, it would become an indispensible condition, not only that the raw material should be very nicely prepared, in order that it might require none of that intellectual skill which is capable of separating the knotty or imperfect parts as they offer themselves, but also that it should be regularly drawn out by certain parts representing the fingers and thumbs of the spinner. The contrivance by which this last means was represented consisted in a certain number of pairs of cylinders, each two revolving in contact with each other. Suppose a very loose thread or slightly twisted carding of cotton to pass between one pair of cylinders, clothed with a proper facing to enable them to hold it; and let it be imagined to proceed from thence to another pair, whose surfaces revolve much quicker. It is evident that the quicker revolution of the second pair will draw out the cotton, rendering it thinner and longer when it comes to be delivered at the other side. This is precisely the operation which the spinner performs with her fingers and thumb; and if the cotton be then delivered to a spinning apparatus, it will be converted into thread. Simple as these notions of a rotatory carding engine and a spinning engine, of which the chief organ consists of two pair of cylinders, may appear, they are subject, in the practical detail, to all the difficulties which usually present themselves to be overcome by inventors. An account of this would certainly form an interesting narrative in the history of the arts. Sir Richard Arkwright succeeded in making these engines go by horse, by water, and by steam as first movers, and the saving of labour, together with the advantages of a patent monopoly, were sufficient to render him one of the most opulent of the British manufacturers.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES are literary luxuries. The refinement of a nation influences its literature; we now require not only a solid repast, but a delicious desert. A physician, austere as Hippocrates; a critic, rigid as Aristotle, are alike inimical to our refreshments. We will not be fooled into their systems. We do not dismiss our fruits and our wines from our tables; we eat, and our health remains uninjured. We read anecdotes with voluptuous delight; nor is our science impaired, or our wit rendered less brilliant.

It is not just to consider anecdotes merely as means of improvement. They serve also the purposes of utility, and deserve to be classed higher in the scale of study than hitherto they have been.

All the world read anecdotes; but not many with reflection, and still fewer with taste. To most, one anecdote resembles another; a little unconnected story that is heard, that pleases, and is forgotten. Yet when anecdotes are not merely transcribed, but animated by judicious reflections, they recal others of a kindred nature, and the whole series is made to illustrate some topic that gratifies

curiosity, or impresses on the mind some interesting conclusion in the affairs of human life.

History itself derives some of its most agreeable instructions from a skilful introduction of anecdotes. We should not now dwell with anxiety on a dull chronicle of the reigns of monarchs; a parish register might prove more interesting. We ought not to be now solicitous about battles fought a hundred years ago, or sieges which can destroy none of our own towns, or storms which can never burst upon our own shores. We may reasonably turn with disgust from fictions told without the grace of fable, and from truths uninteresting as fables told without grace.

Romancers have existed in all nations, under the names of historians, from the notorious Geoffrey of Monmouth to Jean le Maire, who, in his Illustrations of Gaul, makes the French nation descend from the fugitive princes of Troy. This is not quite so marvellous as the eccentric follies of several *modern* Irish antiquaries. Col. Valencey has pushed his national researches as far back as the time of the deluge. Since he was so employed, he might have gone farther; for an old writer has even favoured us with the names of the *seven Irish kings* who flourished *before Noah.*

Thomas Warton, in his observations on the Faery Queen, notices one of Geoffrey's fables. This monk, in his account of the original state of Albion, has these words: "Erat tunc nomen insulæ Albion quæ a nemine nisi a *paucis gigantibus* inhabitabatur." A *few giants*, in that historian's opinion, were but of little consideration.

Our hearts should learn to sympathize; and we should consult the annals of history as a son and a brother would turn over his domestic memoirs. We should read history, not to indulge the frivolous inquisitiveness of a dull antiquary, but to explore the causes of the misery and prosperity of our country. We ought to be more interested in the progress of the human mind than in that of empires.

A Hearne would feel a frigid rapture if he could discover the name of a Saxon monarch unrecorded in our annals; and of whom as little should remain, as of the doubtful bones of a Saxon dug out of a tumulus. Such are his anecdotes! A Hume or a Robertson is only interested with those characters who have exerted themselves in the cause of humanity, and with those incidents which have subverted or established the felicities of a people.

There will always be antiquaries to solace themselves with the hope, that industry will compensate for a total want of genius. Such will not discern when enquiry dwindles into minute trifling. The genuine historian is regarded with contempt by these unenlightened students. They condemn Hume precisely for what he is most to be commended—for not wasting his pages on researches that resemble conjectures into Saxon annals, which, if they could be known with accuracy, would not be more interesting than the annals of the Abyssinians, over which many a reader of taste has groaned in the bulky volumes of Bruce. On the subject of such remote antiquities, take here a conversation recorded by Boswell. On antiquarian researches Johnson said, "All that is really *known* of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a *few pages.* We can know no more than what the old writers have told us; yet what large books have we upon it, the whole of which, excepting such parts as are taken from those old writers, is all a dream, such as Whitaker's Manchester. I have heard Henry's history of Great Britain well spoken of; I am told it is carried on in separate divisions, as the civil, the military, the religious history; I wish much to have one branch well done, and that is, *the history of manners*, of common life." Robertson answered, "Henry should have applied his attention to that *alone*, which is enough for any man."

Hence the history of manners has

become the prime object of the researches of philosophers. How is this prominent feature in history to be depicted? The artist must not here draw at fancy a beautiful or fantastical line. He must regard his object with minute attention, and reflect long on a thousand little strokes, which are to give the faithful resemblance. The historian should assiduously arrange the minute anecdotes of the age he examines; and oftener have recourse to the diaries of individuals than to the archives of a nation. Nothing should escape his researches, though every thing he finds is not to be reported.

Antiquarian studies begin of late to rank high. They seem to be directed to the illustration, not merely of obliterated inscriptions, but of ancient manners. We may observe of what importance, in this interesting subject, are the memorandums of an individual, from the recovery of the book of the Master of the Revels, which Mr. Malone has been so fortunate as to obtain. We enter more fully into the genius of those times from such publications than from the superficial accounts and fanciful conjectures of any modern writer. He who would penetrate further into these amusing researches must apply himself to a close examination of old plays; to a patient perusal of innumerable MSS.; and to the collecting matter from the printed books of the times. We are still in want of a work similar to St. Foix's Essays on Paris, one of the most agreeable anecdotical productions which the philosopher and the antiquary has yet produced.

To inform the world, that, in the sixteenth century, bishops only were permitted the use of silk; that princes and princesses only had the prerogative of wearing scarlet clothes, either of silk or of wool; and that only princes and bishops had a right to wear shoes made of silk, would appear trivial in the hands of a mere antiquary; but they become important when touched by a true historian. On these little particulars Voltaire says, "All these sumptuary laws only show, that the government of these times had not always great objects in view; and that it appeared easier for ministers to proscribe than to encourage industry."

Had I to sketch the situation of the Jews in the ninth century, and to exhibit, at the same time, the character of that age of bigotry, could I do it more effectually than by the following anecdote?

A Jew of Rouen, in Normandy, sells a house to a christian. After some time, a storm happens, lightning falls on the house, and does damage. The christian cites the Israelite into court for *damages*. His eloquent counsellor hurls a philippic against this detestable nation, and concludes by proving, that it was owing to this house having been the property of an Israelite, that a thunderbolt fell upon it. The judges, as may be supposed, are not long in deciding. They decree that God had damaged this house as a mark of his vengeance against a Jew, and therefore it was just the repairs should be at his cost. The sentence was hard upon the Jew. To be condemned to rebuild a house is, however, better than to be burnt with some of its old wood.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH CHARACTER DEPICTED.

THE French nation, before their singular revolution, displayed a splendid scene of refinement, luxury, and frivolity, which perhaps was never before presented on the theatre of the world. In reading the *secret memoirs* of that country, a scandalous chronicle, carried on for thirty years, we gather many curious particulars, only to be found in these fugitive leaves. Religion was forbidden by the philosophers, and politics by the government. They ex-

hausted their active and volatile genius on subjects of taste; taste that, like religion and politics, had its heresies and parties. The theatre and the bookseller's shop formed the great concerns of the idle Parisian. Voltaire was more dreaded than the prime minister; and Clairon, their celebrated actress, enjoyed the sovereignty of Paris.

Sometimes we see a publication agitate the town for a week; the author is sent to the bastile for a month: the book is publicly burnt, forbidden to be sold, and every body has it by heart. The police sometimes puts an embargo on all MSS.; imprisons censors of books, because they suffered passages to be printed which were offensive to the court; in fine, several printers are compelled to sell their fonts, and a dismal barrenness appears in the literature of France.

Sometimes theatrical representations are the objects of ministerial vengeance. They forbid a particular play, whose subject might be applicable to the moment; or even a particular passage of a play, which the malicious actor pronounced with emphasis.

In February, 1762, in playing Tancred, Mad. Clairon, when she came to these verses,

" On depouille Tancrede, on l'exile, on
l'outrage,——
C'est le sort d'un heros d'etre persecuté;
Tout son parti se tait; qui sera son ap-
pui?
Sa gloire—
Un heros qu'on opprime attendrit tous
les cœurs."

This sublime actress made such inflections of her voice, so noble and so penetrating, that all the audience recollected the event of that day, which was a lettre de cachet the marquis de Broglio had received. His name flew from mouth to mouth, says my reporter, and the representation was frequently interrupted by loud applauses, which were continually renewed.

The next day the house was forbidden to act the tragedy of Tancred, in consequence of what had passed on the preceding representation.

Molé, a favourite actor, is taken ill. This is announced from the stage. The gaiety of Paris is suddenly obscured. Next day his door is besieged by enquiring crowds; his health is the enquiry of all companies. It appeared as if Scipio lay sick, and the virtuous Romans passed their hours in melancholy fears for the life of their protector. The physicians find Molé in an exhausted state, and prescribe a free use of wine. This prescription is soon every where known. Molé finds two thousand bottles of the finest Burgundy sent to his house from various quarters. He at length recovers; all Paris rejoices and rushes to his benefit. Such was the public ardour, that it produced him the amazing sum of 24,000 livres (4000 dollars). Molé gratefully receives the tribute of their applause; he was in debt, and the benefit formed all his fortune. How then does Molé apply his sudden wealth? An Englishman would have purchased an annuity, or perhaps have paid his debts. Molé runs to the jeweller, takes its amount in brilliants, and gives them to his mistress, who boasts that she wears all the honours of the public.

Here is displayed at once the frivolity of the nation and the individual. All Paris is concerned for the indisposition of an actor, and all terminates in giving diamonds to an impudent prostitute.

The recently published life of Marmontel affords the finest specimen imaginable of the French character, and the finest picture of Paris before the revolution. Rousseau, in his Confessions, is a more accurate painter of the nation than any I have met with. " The French," says he, " do not smother you with protestations and professions, as some people tell us they do. Those they make are generally sincere and honestly intended; but they have a manner of interesting themselves in your favour, which deceives you much more than words. The French

manners are seductive, because they have candour and simplicity in them. You think they do not tell you all they intend to do for you, merely that their unlook'd for beneficence may surprise you the more. The people are naturally officious, kind, and, whatever their enemies may say to the contrary, more candid and open than other nations: but then, *and that's the rub*, they are more volatile and fickle. They believe all they say. They feel all they express: but, unluckily, they believe they feel only for the moment. While with you, they are full of you. They think of nobody else. Turn your back, and you are forgotten. All their sympathy they transfer to their next companion, who, in like manner, is thought of only while present. Nothing is fixed. A mournful recollection will call forth their tears; but the image is easily supplanted by a merry one, and they will weep passionately and laugh heartily in the course of a few minutes."

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMPARISON OF MEMOIRS AND HISTORY.

OF the eminent personages in history, there are many differing characters. We know well how the object will appear when seen through the coloured telescope of a prejudiced historian. The most impartial may not always be successful in his delineations. An intelligent reader frequently discovers *traits* before concealed. He does not perceive these faint touches in the broad canvas of the historian, but in those little portraits which have sometimes reached posterity. He acquires more knowledge of individuals by memoirs than by histories. In histories there is a majesty which keeps us distant from great men; in memoirs there is a familiarity which invites us to approach them. In histories, we appear only as one who joins the crowd to see them pass; in memoirs, we are like concealed spies, who pause on every little circumstance, and note every little expression.

It is thus that such works as Plutarch's Lives, Froissart's Chronicle, the Memoirs of Comines and Brantome, Burnet's and Clarendon's Histories of their own Times, have ever allured curiosity and gratified inquiry. There are indeed readers who, when they turn over the pages of history, indulge in the marvellous of romance. A visionary perfection darts from their imagination, and throws around a brilliant delusion. Their heroes are Arthurs; their heroines Unas; their statesmen Merlins. As history is frequently composed, there are sufficient reasons for such a system. The most natural events, with such writers as Tacitus, Strada, and Mariana, are derived from some profound policy, or intricate deception. The historian frequently seems ignorant of that spontaneous ardour with which the most splendid actions are performed, and discovers a regular plot in the accidental combinations of fortune. Every statesman who comes down to us as a Nestor, I doubt was not the sage we believe him; nor every general the Hannibal he seems. The most eminent personages are not so remote from the ordinary level of humanity, as the vulgar conceive. Transcendant powers are rarely required; tolerable abilities, placed conspicuously, appear to great advantage; as a torch in a watchman's hand is little, compared with one gleaming from the top of a sea-girt tower. I am much more inclined to search for the characters of eminent persons in their domestic privacies, than in their public audiences, and would prefer the artless recitals of the valet de chambre of Charles I, to the elegant narrative of his apologist Hume, as I prefer the tale of honest Clery, concerning Louis XVI, to any formal history.

For the Literary Magazine.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE character of Oliver long exercised the historical talents of European writers. Some French academicians have drawn it with admirable refinement; Gregorio Leti amused with agreeable fictions; Raguenet tires with dry truths; volumes on volumes have wearied English curiosity.

These writers would persuade us that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of a man than this multiplicity of volumes. When with some select friends enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters, and announces a body "of the elect." "Tell them," says he, "we are seeking the Lord. These fools think," continues he, looking under the table, "that I am seeking the Lord, while I am only seeking the corkscrew."

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

AUGUSTUS.

WE delight to attend Augustus from amid the embarrassing affairs of government, into his domestic recesses; to see him the preceptor of his son; to observe him at supper seated between Virgil and Horace; and to mark him, with exquisite wit, blot out one of his own tragedies. Virgil had the asthma, and Horace a fistula lachrymalis. When Augustus was placed between them he used to say, not unpoetically, "I am now between sighs and tears." This lover of the art aspired to become an artist; he wrote a tragedy called Ajax; but had the good sense to perceive, that, if born to be an emperor, he was not born to be a poet. One day he effaced, with his sponge, the whole tragedy. When it was enquired after, he wittily answered, "Ajax is dead; he has swallowed his sponge:" alluding to a mode of death practised by the Roman gladiators, who frequently in despair swallowed their sponges. These little anecdotes show the literary dispositions of Augustus, whom, perhaps, like some other great monarchs, system alone made a tyrant.

Politics alone compelled him to sanguinary measures. He would never enquire after the authors of certain papers which had been scattered in the senate, and loaded him with calumnies. When Tiberius wondered at his indifference, he answered, "You think like a young man. Let them speak ill of me; I know they can do me none." Does this conduct of Augustus indicate him to have delighted in the effusion of human blood? When he had attained power, he showed the most amiable disposition. It is said of him, in comparing the commencement of his reign with its close, it had been desirable that he had never been, or that he had never ceased to be emperor. Augustus is an eminent example of the force of the terrible genius of politics.

U.

For the Literary Magazine.

LOUIS XIV.

LOUIS XIV merits the love of posterity. The genius of his people, not his own, inspired him with his love of war. When this monarch is deprived of that false glory which his adulators have thrown around him, he will appear to advantage, placed in the softer light of those hours which he devoted to the society of the great men whom his splendid patronage had formed. Numerous anecdotes of this monarch are eternal testimonies of his intellectual powers and his fine taste. He loved the conversation of Boileau

and Racine. He was not a mere auditor of their works; he admired them with exquisite sensibility, and animadverted on them with just criticism, and we know that he detected several errors. The eye that could catch a Boileau and a Racine tripping, it must be confessed, was of no ordinary quickness. Several of these royal conversations have been recorded. It is honourable for the satirical bard, that he had the boldness frequently to speak his sentiments freely; and, what is still more honourable, his majesty did not dislike his frankness.

When Boileau read one of his epistles, in which are the fine verses describing the emperor Titus,

" Qui rendit de son joug l'univers amoureux;
Qu'on n'alla jamais voir, sans revenir heureux;
Qui soupiroit le soir, si sa main fortunée,
N'avoir par ses bienfaits signalé la journée,"

the king was enchanted, and made the poet repeat them thrice. At that moment, perhaps, he proposed Titus for his model; such was the force of poetry! The next day he gave orders for war; such was the power of habit! When the satirist, for the first time after the death of Racine, visited the king, Louis received him with affection. He sympathised in the loss; and added, in pulling out his watch, " Remember, Boileau, I have an hour for you every week."

When one day confined to his chamber, he sent for Racine. The poet read with grace; and the king asked him to take up some book. A life of Plutarch was proposed. The king objected, because of its old French. " Will your majesty permit *me* to try a life?" said Racine. The king consented. Our poet took down a volume of Amiot, and turned his obselete language into a beautiful style. Louis was in raptures; he rose, and embraced the poet.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARLES I AND LOUIS XVI.

I CANNOT persuade myself that Charles I would have been a tyrant. The Eikon Basilike, which I consider as the memoirs of his heart, abounds with such strokes of wisdom and humanity, that we cannot easily conceive a tyrant to possess them. Here are some passages.

" I cared not not to lessen myself in some things of my wonted prerogative, since I knew I could be no loser, if I might but gain a recompens in my subjects affections."

" Popular tumults are not like a storm at sea, which yet wants not its terror; but, like an earthquake, shaking the verie foundations of all, then which nothing in the world hath more of horror."

" *More than the law gives me, I would not have, and less the meanest subject should not.*"

" I will studie to satisfie my parliament and my people; but I will *never, for fear or flatterie, gratifie anie faction, how potent* soever; for this were to nourish the disease, and oppress the bodie."

" The sens of the injuries don unto my subjects, is as sharp as those don to myself. My afflictions griev mee not more, then this doth, that I am afflicted by those, whose prosperitie I earnestly desire, and whose seduction I heartily deplore. Yet I had rather suffer all the miseries of life, and die many deaths, then shamefully to desert, or dishonourably to betrai my own just rights and sovereigntie."

" I know the sharp and necessarie tyrannie of my destroiers will sufficiently confute the calumnies of tyrannie against mee."

" It is verie strange, that mariners can finde no other means to appeas the storm themselves have raised, but by drowning their pilot."

The following anecdote proves that, even in prosperity, he would not suffer his people to be insulted by the language of despotism. These

lines were in a manuscript play of Massinger:

Monies? We'll raise supplies *what ways we please*,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws,
But what their *swords* did ratify.—

Sir Henry Herbert says, "I have entered this here, for ever to bee remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of king Charles, my master, who, readinge over the play at Newmarket, *set his marke* upon the place with his owne hande, and thes words,

"*This is too insolent, and to bee changed.*"

The eloquent Eikon Basilike strongly indicates that the inclinations of Charles were remote from tyranny. He was, indeed, firmly persuaded that a king had just powers, of which it was as necessary to be careful as of the just rights of his people. Such was his conviction, that he preferred death to what he deemed ignominy.

Louis XVI, in a conversation about Rousseau, once said, that he wished it were possible to annihilate "Emilius;" because, in that book, the author attacks religion, disturbs the security of society, and the just subordination of citizens; it can only tend to render men unhappy. But the Social Contract has also a most dangerous tendency, observed a courtier. "As for that," he replied, "it is very different. It only attacks the authority of *sovereigns*; that is *a subject proper to discuss*. There is much to be said; there is room for controversy."

Charles I lost his head because he was tenacious of his rights, and Louis XVI because he was ever prompt to yield them to his subjects. A striking proof this of the mad ignorance of the multitude, who know not either how to govern others or themselves.

T.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE INCONSISTENCIES OF GREAT MEN.

OF some extraordinary minds it has been said, that their knowledge is attained by that sublime conception, which surveys at one glance the species, and becomes, as it were by intuition, familiar with the individual. A Shakespeare has certainly given the most forcible language and descriptions to characters and situations, which never passed under his eye. Such prodigies in nature we admire; but who dare imitate? We gain our knowledge by the slow accession of many facts; these we combine; and, thus combined, they form what we call experience. Rochefoucault, when he composed his Maxims, had ever some particular circumstance or particular individual before him. When he observed, that "It displays a great poverty of mind to have only one kind of genius," he drew this reflection from anecdotes of Boileau and Racine.

It was a happy thought of Amelot de la Houssaie to give an edition of these Maxims, illustrated by examples or anecdotes drawn from history. Had the author given us all the cases which suggested his Maxims, the work would have been infinitely more valuable and intelligible than it is. Houssaie has enforced some of these reflections in the following manner:

Rochefoucault observes, "In jealousy there is less love than self-love." Houssaie illustrates this by an anecdote taken from Tacitus. "Witness Rhadamistus, who threw his beloved wife into a river, that she might not fall into the hands of another."

The duke observes, "The art of setting off moderate qualifications steals esteem, and often gives more reputation than real merit." His commentator gives, on this observation, the following character from Tacitus: "Poppæus Sabinus, of moderate birth, obtained the consulship, and the honour of a triumph; and governed, for four and twenty years, the greatest provinces, without any extraordinary merit, being just capable of his employments, and in no manner above them."

I have been told of a more curious work of this kind, but have not seen it, written by an Englishman, long before Houssaie's time: Dallington's Aphorisms from Guiccardini, amplified with authorities, and exemplified with historie. London, 1613, folio.

The bulk of mankind, indeed, when facts present themselves to their view, are incapable of reflection. Ignorant of their utility, they only regard them as objects of idle amusement. Yet the science of human nature, like that of physics, was never perfected till vague theory was rejected for certain experiment. An Addison and a Bruyere accompany their reflections by characters; an anecdote with them informs us better than a whole essay of Seneca. Opinions are fallible, but not examples.

A writer elegantly declaims against the vanity of a poet; but when he judiciously gives a few of the innumerable instances of poetical vanity, we shall comprehend him with more certainty, and follow his reflections with the firm conviction of truth. Would he inform us that innumerable little follies are found in very great minds? Every opinion is disputable. But we are concerned when he tells us that sir Robert Walpole was ambitious of being a man of gallantry; and that another great minister, cardinal Richelieu, was not less ambitious of being thought a poet; while the one was as awkward in his compliments as the other in his verses. In a word, the wise Elizabeth was a coquet; Charles V terminated his career by watch-making; Racine believed himself a politician.

When an author gives a character which strikes by its singularity, an anecdote will serve to establish the truth of its existence. Thus the character of the astronomer in Rasselas, finely described by Johnson, is a character founded in nature. With a wonderful sublimity of genius, he believed himself invested with the power of regulating the seasons. Postel's lectures were attended by such crowds, that he was obliged to harangue his auditors at a window, the hall of the college at Paris not being sufficiently large to contain them; yet this man, otherwise so judicious, cherished the extravagant folly of believing himself endowed with a supernatural reason. He hoped to convert all the nations of the earth, and had ever in mind the scheme of an order, to be called the knights of Christ; and for this purpose associated with the jesuits, who expelled him when they found him no better than a madman.

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF BASIL.

From American Letters, lately published.

BASIL is a little old fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a boatable stream, descending with rapidity from the Rhætian Alps, along the winding vallies of the most romantic country upon earth. Curiosity impatiently demands a nearer view of the peculiar scenery of Switzerland; but we must first recruit our exhausted spirits; and we shall content ourselves for the present with overlooking the river from our apartment at the Three Kings, a capital inn, the dining room of which overhangs the green current of the Rhine, in such a manner that

those who are fond of fishing may enjoy their sport from the windows.

There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge which crosses it, enlivened with the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town: for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the busy, and the chief amusement of the idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from projecting lattices, the use of which a stranger cannot immediately divine.

Amidst such congenial accompaniments you visit, with all the serenity of recollection, the lone church-yard that belonged to the convent of the friars predicant, when Basil was depopulated by the plague, during the session of the general council assembled here in 1431, at which were present the emperor Sigismund, the duke of Milan, and several other christian princes.

Some contemporary artist, struck with the awful visitation that swept away together the prince and the peasant, the cardinal and the capuchin, depicted, upon the gloomy walls, a dance of death, the original of the famous sketches of Holbein. In this dismal masquerade a hundred skeletons, whose distorted attitudes bespeak horrific mirth, lead up, in melancholy duet, the reluctant victims of the king of terrors.

It was here, by the light of flaring torches, in the court-yard of an antiquated hotel, that Maria Theresa (the only member of the immediate family of Louis XVI that was permitted to survive the revolution which hurled the monarch from his throne) was received by the imperial ambassador, who indignantly rejected the splendid outfit, with which the national assembly had thought proper to send away the daughter of their sovereign.

The public library preserves, with appropriate veneration, some portraits from the pencil of Holbein, a contemporary copy of the minutes of the council, and the letters of Erasmus written to his friend Amberbachius, when the cautious and timid reformer had quitted Basil, on account of the religious or political disputes that disturbed his philosophic repose.

But the absurd custom of keeping the clocks an hour faster than the true time of day no longer puzzles the curiosity of travellers, who are become, in this age of innovations, equally indifferent, whether it originated from the indolence of the council, the vigilance of the magistrates, or the declination of the sun dial, which, not having been corrected at the reformation, the *scrupulous* municipality could never afterward be persuaded to *reform*.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

IN literary biography, a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself. In the history of his fellow students, a writer traces the effects of similar studies; he is warned by their failures, or animated by their progress. He discovers that, like himself, the sublimest geniuses have frequently stretched the bow without force, and without skill. He is not displeased to find that Pope composed an epic, a tragedy, and a comedy; that the two first were burnt, and the comedy damned. La Mothe was so sensibly afflicted by the unfortunate fate of his first dramatic essay, that he renounced society, and buried himself in the melancholy retreat of La Trappe.

It is pleasing to observe the first dawn of genius breaking on the mind. Sometimes a man of genius, in his first effusions, is so far from revealing his future powers, that, on the contrary, no reasonable hope can be formed of his success. In the violent struggle of his mind, he may give a wrong direction to his talents; as Swift, in two Pindaric odes, and Dryden by an elegy, which have been unfortunately preserved in their works. Sometimes he displays no

talents, even among those who are able to decide on them; his genius, like Æneas, is veiled by a cloud, and remains unperceived by his associates. This was the case of Goldsmith, who was so far from displaying genius, that even his literary companions, before the publication of his beautiful poems, regarded him as a compiler for booksellers, not a writer for men of taste. Sometimes, when an author displays an early genius, it is not expressed with all its force. Several have begun as versifiers, and concluded as poets; perhaps this is no unjust idea of Pope.

Is a man of genius oppressed with domestic miseries? Does he tread on thorns, while he cultivates flowers? He ceases to feel his own griefs, while he contemplates those of his masters. On the misfortunes of the learned, more than one volume has been composed. The domestic persecutions of a man of genius are more frequent and more formidable to his sensibility, than those of a party or of the public. Exquisite misery! to feel the lacerations of the soul, from the objects to which it turns for repose and delight! An illiterate parent, who harasses the mild dispositions of his philosophic son, and counts, with all the anxiety of the father and the merchant, the hours he lavishes on his studies, has been an ordinary misery of literary men. The father of Petrarch one day, in a barbarous rage, burnt his small but invaluable library before his face; and Voltaire, with a thousand other writers, have broken their fathers' heart by their constant application to poetry, and utter neglect of the law.

Hume says, in the slight sketch he gives of his life, "My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy, and general learning; and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring."

Young has described the character of such a parent as Descartes with his usual vigour of wit:

> Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
> Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
> How just his grief! one carries in his head
> A less proportion of the father's lead.
> The *dunghill breed* of men a diamond scorn,
> And feel a passion for a *grain of corn;*
> Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
> Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
> Who, with much pains, exerting *all* his sense,
> Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
> The booby father craves a booby son,
> And by heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Can we read, without indignation, that the family of the great Descartes were insensible to the lustre his studies reflected on their name? They grievously lamented, as a blot which could not be effaced from their arms, that Descartes, who was born a *gentleman*, should become a *philosopher!* This elevated genius was even denied the satisfaction of embracing his expiring parent; while his dwarfish brother, whose mind must have been as diminutive as his person, ridiculed his philosophic kinsman, and turned to advantage his philosophic dispositions. The sublime Bacon generally sat at the end of his table in a state of abstraction, while at the other his dependants cheated, ridiculed, and loaded him with infamous aspersions. We must not look into the domestic recesses of men of genius, if we would consider them as beloved or happy.

It has been said that envy is only the offspring of little minds. This has been repeated from age to age; but it is one of those popular prejudices which are not the less false because they are of a remote date. Of literary jealousy, to select instances is difficult, because of their abundance. Why does Plato never men-

tion Xenophon, and why does Xenophon inveigh with bitter invective against Plato, and studiously collect every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject.

Why did Swift and Milton treat with contempt the rhymes of Dryden? Why did Corneille, tottering on the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise him never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why was the admirable La Fontaine not even mentioned by the French Horace in all his works? Why must posterity lament that the name of Young is to be found in the Dunciad of Pope? Why did Boccaccio, in sending to Petrarch a copy of Dante, make an apology for it? and why did the latter, in his answer, speak coldly of Dante's merits? Because they laboured in the same vineyard. Why is Waller silent on the merits of Cowley? why not give one verse to return the praise with which Dryden honoured him? Could not Milton extort his due share of applause? No! he is warm in his panegyric on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Sandys, Ware, and D'Avenant; because of some of these their species of composition was different from his own, and the rest he could not fear.

It is difficult to repress our indignation at this envy of writers, who should look for that support from each other which is sometimes unjustly denied them by the world.

We must feel another kind of indignation, which falls not upon authors, but their readers. Men of genius have complained that their acquaintance are the last persons in the world whose affections they can win.

When the voice of the public shall inform the friends of a man of genius, how much he merits their affection, they will be incapable of bestowing it. A familiar acquaintance with an author, observes Hume, may diminish the applause due to his performance. It was the eternal misery of Rousseau, that his friends did not know how much he merited their affection. None judge less favourably of an author than his intimate friends; their personal knowledge of him as a man, destroys a hundred delusions to his advantage as an author. Monnoye, in a letter written when he first made his appearance as a writer, has described the situation of a young author with sensibility and truth. These are his words: "You know the town I inhabit: one of the greatest faults a man can have, it seems, is a little merit; a multitude of enemies is the certain fate of all those who appear desirous of distinguishing themselves. You have read my poem on the abolition of duels. They said, at first, that it was good for nothing; and, after the academy had crowned it with their prize, pretended it was not written by me."

A French orator exclaims, "It is true, that a superior genius finds himself sometimes esteemed during his life-time; but he must generally seek for it at the distance of a thousand miles."

The author of the Mirror, mentioning his own work, says, "The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous: there is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the public, in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, they are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are entitled unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low."

Metastasio says, "I am more and more convinced, every day, that prophets and poets are seldom honoured in their own country." This has been an evil felt, we observe, by every man of genius placed in a provincial town. It was so even

among the ancients. See Martial's complaint. Pliny observes on Protogenes, the Rhodian painter, that his countrymen would not take any notice of his works till Apelles, visiting him at Rhodes, esteemed his pictures at a high rate.

When Rousseau published at Neufchatel some little compositions, they were not relished by his good provincial friends. A few years afterwards, they contributed to the literary pleasures of Paris. Not the qualities of his writings, but those of his readers, were altered.

Joseph Warton tells us, that so little sensible are we of our own imperfections, that the very last time he saw Dr. Young, he was severely censuring and ridiculing the false pomp of fustian writers, and the nauseousnes of bombast.

Seneca himself writes against pointed periods, and the epigrammatic style. Lipsius was extravagantly fond of a certain concise style; his epistles offend by a continued affectation of this kind; yet he not only censures brevity, and declares it to produce a dry jejune mode of writing, but diffusely descants on its numerous defects. Cicero very warmly reprehends that abuse, which the Greeks were accustomed to cast on their adversaries, frequently passing from the censure of the work, to satire on the author himself. But Cicero has left posterity not a few specimens of the abusive style, and the grossest personalities. While Plato inveighs against poetry, he proves himself a great poet. Thus Mallebranche declaims against the seductive charms of a fine imagination, while his own was most beautiful and seductive. Boccalini makes Apollo give very judicious advice to an author, who was hanged for too freely satirizing some noble families; but our sage adviser himself lost his life for having written too freely concerning the Spanish court. Too much wit and passion occasioned our author to be *sacchettato;* that is, he was so heartily beaten by the Spaniards, that he died a few hours afterwards. This is an invention of the Italians to murder a man, without spilling his blood, by beating him on the back with *bags of sand.* The wounds these give are incurable; a gangrene takes place, and death concludes this mode of assassination.

Burnet, in the "History of his own Times," is continually appealing to God and his conscience for the veracity of his work. These are some of his expressions: "I solemnly say this to the world, and make my humble appeal upon it to the great God of truth, that I tell the truth, on all occasions." "I reckon a lie in history to be as much a greater sin than a lie in common discourse, as the one is like to be more lasting and more generally known than the other." Our bishop had warm prejudices, and a lively imagination; indulging these to an excess, he left far behind him the sober truth of "a faithful chronicler." Mr. Lesly, who knew him familiarly, has described his character, by saying, "He was zealous for the truth, but, in telling it, he always turned it into a lie." Perhaps Lesly too was unjust. Burnet wrote many truths, and many falsehoods which he thought truths.

Burnet has been called the English Varillas: and the character of the latter writer, attacked by the learned of all nations, may serve to illustrate that of Burnet.

Varillas has been accused of quoting memoirs which never existed, or in which the facts he relates are not to be found. It is, however, very true, that Varillas had read an astonishing number of original memoirs. The life of this man was consumed in his study; and it was his boast, that for thirty years he had not dined from home. He had read so many manuscripts, that his sight failed him, and he lost the use of one eye. By candle-light he could not read; and it was his custom to close his windows at dusk, and then to *write* his histories. But, as he could not authenticate his anecdotes, but by consulting the memoirs which had been furnished to him from the king's library, in which there is a

collection of from 8 to 10,000 MSS., he trusted to his memory. This naturally produced his confusion in facts: what belonged to one kingdom was given to a neighbouring country; what related to one person was transferred to another.

It is possible to suppose, that neither Varillas nor Burnet intended to impose on the world. But from these accounts we may enforce a very important maxim, that a historian must not write as *facts* what he only collects from *memory*. If he does otherwise, he is not to be trusted; for however honest may be his intentions, it is certain that he will not only impose on his reader, but impose on himself. Let it also be remembered that he who relies on his memory is frequently the dupe of his imagination.

Cowley, in his Ode to Wit, has a splendid satire on his own witty poetry. He says, wit is not

——To adorn, and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips, but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between;
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars, which paint the galaxy.

The indiscreet muse of Cowley wore jewels both at her nose and lips.

Thus also Dr. Johnson censures those writers in whose plays,

——Crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept;
Till *Declamation roar'd*, while *Passion slept*.

In the tragedy of Irene, it must be acknowledged that "Declamation roars, while Passion sleeps."

Dr. Blair observes of Shaftesbury, "What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of *simplicity*; is always extolling it in the ancients, and abusing the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as widely as any modern whatever."

Sir John Hawkins very liberally censures the style of Addison. Pleasant enough!

A hundred French writers declaim against the abuse of what they so happily call *le bel esprit*; while they are themselves employing it in every period: a hundred English authors abuse the French, while, at the same time, their work and their style are alike imitations of them.

A man of genius consumes one portion of his life in painful studies; another in addressing his labours to the public, and combating with rivals; in the last inconsiderable remnant of life, he perhaps begins to enjoy that public esteem for which he had sacrificed its solid consolations, his fortune, his tranquillity, and his domestic lares. Amidst the funereal cypress he sees the green leaves of the laurel. He resembles a veteran soldier, who, at the moment he is carried from the trenches in an expiring state, receives the honours of promotion. When once removed from the public and his rivals, they refuse him nothing.

Every little thing that belonged to this man of genius becomes an invaluable relic. The living Shakespeare experienced little of that adoration which has been repeatedly paid to him by posterity; nor imagined that the *mulberry tree* which he planted, if he really did plant it, would have been sought after with as much eagerness as a pious catholic shows for a piece of the real cross. Thomson never conjectured that his *old chair* would have been beheld with the eyes of adoration by his countrymen. Rabelais, among his drollest imaginations, could not have conceived that his cast-off *cloak* would have been preserved in the university of Montpellier, for future doctors to wear on the day they took their degree.

Such is the public! long misled by the malice of rivals, their decisions are capricious, irresolute, and un-

just. Posterity, while it censures the past, commits the same injustice to the present age. It exhausts its admiration on an old tree, an old chair, and an old cloak, while the modern Shakespeares, Thomsons, and Rabelais, if there be any, would pass unobserved by its injudicious applause.

Men of genius catch inspiration from that of others. Their minds are not always prepared to pour forth their burning ideas; it is kindled by the sparks struck by collision from the works of great writers. It was thus Cicero informs us that he animated his eloquence by a constant perusal of the Latin and Greek poetry. Poets awaken their imagination by the verses of other poets. Malherbe, Corneille, and Racine, before they applied themselves to composition, put their mind into its proper tone, by repeating the glowing passages of their favourite masters. The most fervid verses of Homer, and the sweetest of Euripides, enriched the memory of Milton. Milton had read and studied all the greatest poets, and had made all his own: Homer he could almost repeat without book.

Bossuet, before he composed a funeral oration, was accustomed to withdraw for four or five days into his study, and read Homer. When asked the reason of this practice, he expressed himself in these verses,

——Magnam mihi mentem, animumque,
Delius inspirat vates.——

Marville says, the famous orators of the pulpit and the bar, in his time, used to read the finest passages of the poets, to swell out those seeds of eloquence which nature had scattered in their souls. Thus, also, a celebrated preacher boldly copied Seneca, the tragedian, in the violent passions he assumed; and one, less ardent, but more tender, interwove in his sermons pieces taken from Ovid. One pleader would only breathe the fury of Juvenal; another displayed the graceful turns which he had borrowed from Horace.

The conversations of scholars have been collected in ages of literature; but, not having been formed with that care and selection they merited, has been the only cause of their falling into disrepute. With such substitutes, we are enabled almost to enjoy the society of those who no longer exist, and to become contemporaries with the great men of another age, more really than were even their actual contemporaries.

Are we not all desirous of the company of eminent men? It is the wish of even the illiterate. But the sensibility of genius shrinks tremblingly from the contact of the vulgar, and the arrogance of learning will not descend to their level: they prefer a contemplative silence, rather than incur the chance of being insulted by the admiration of clowns.

Few therefore can be admitted to their conversations. Yet when a man of genius displays conversible talents, his conversations are frequently more animated, more versatile, and, I must add, more genuine than his compositions. Such literary conversations may be compared to waters which flow from their source; but literary writings resemble more frequently an ornamented fountain, whose waters are forcibly elevated in artificial irregularities, and sparkling windings.

We learn from a little conversation accidentally preserved, a fortuitous hint caught as it fell, and an observation which its author might never have occasion to insert in his works, numberless mysteries in the art of literary composition, and those minute circumstances which familiarize us to the genius of one whom we admire, and whom sometimes we may aspire to imitate.

Literary history has indeed been pursued with a passionate fondness by the first scholars. Dr. Johnson said, "It was what he most loved." He begins his biography of the poets with a complaint of "the penury of English biography." It is the regret of one who felt all its charms, and who perhaps lamented that he

could not much enlarge its scanty fund. Warburton called literary history "the most agreeable subject in the world." Warton, in his Essay on Pope, affords an admirable specimen in what manner literary anecdotes may be introduced for the illustration of an author, and delight of the reader. Pelisson observes that, had we the particulars of what passed between Augustus, Mecænas, and the celebrated wits of their age, we should read such a history with no less curiosity and delight than that of the wars and affairs of the government of those times. Perhaps we should derive more advantage from it: we, to whom fortune has given neither armies to conduct, nor kingdoms to govern, but only study, conversation, and the domestic virtues. Literary history has such powerful attractions, that we even find pleasure in such works as the Athenæ Oxonienses of Anthony Wood, though composed in a hard, dry, and repulsive style, and Hawkins's Life of Johnson, whose genius revived that of the surly Wood. Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, has exquisitely gratified the votary of literary history, a work this almost as singular in its nature as its merit.

A biographer should be more solicitous of displaying the genius of the man whose history he writes, than his own. He should not obtrude his own talents on the eye, so much as those of the person whose life he records. Some have written the life of another, merely to show that they were themselves fine writers.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH OF MILTON.

WHEN Richardson, the father, gave the Life of Milton, he did not compose it in the ordinary style of biographers. If we take away some of his eccentricities, his manner is admirable. It is very possible to write the life of a poet, a lord chancellor, and a general, almost in a similar style. It was said of Mallet, after he had given the life of Bacon, and pretended to be employed on that of Marlborough, that as he had forgotten that Bacon had been a philosopher, he would probably forget that Marlborough had been a general. He did better. He took 500l. for his Life, and never wrote a page of it. By the way, this has been no uncommon practice among authors. Some have published a variety of titles of works, as if they were ready for the press; but of which the titles only had been written. Paschal, who was historiographer to Francis I, forged such titles, that the pension which he received for occupying himself on the French history might be continued. When he died, all his historical performances did not exceed six pages!

Richardson, a Miltonic enthusiast, was best qualified to give the biography of Milton, an enthusiast. He did not remain satisfied with collecting the information which industrious enquiry produced, but he studied to give the character of Milton from his own descriptions. He connected with an ardour of research, for which posterity should be grateful, from all his works, in verse and in prose, the minute circumstances, and peculiar sentiments, which our sublime poet had recorded of himself.

In reading this sketch of the manners and genius of Milton, we seem to live with him; we participate in the momentary griefs which afflicted him, and the momentary triumphs in which he exulted. We join the old blind bard at the door of his house, near Bunhill-fields; we see him sit there in a grey coarse cloth coat, in the warm sunny weather, breathing the fresh air. His house is, indeed, small, and what true poet ever possessed a large one? It has but one room on a floor. Up one pair of stairs, hung in rusty green, sits John Milton, in an elbow chair, in black clothes, yet neat enough; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands gouty.

And what does Milton say on his blindness, when his enemies reproach him with it as a crime? These are his words: "I prefer my blindness to yours," he addresses his adversaries; "yours is sunk into your deepest senses, blinding your minds, so that you can see nothing that is sound and solid. Mine takes from me only the colour and surface of things, but does not take away from the mind's contemplation, what is in those things of true and constant. Moreover, how many things are there which I would not see! How many which I can be debarred the sight without repining! How few left which I much desire to see! Vile men! who mock us! The blind have a protection from the injuries of men, and we are rendered almost sacred. To this I impute, that my friends are more ready and officious to serve me than before, and more frequently visit me. They do not think that the only worth of an honest man is placed in his eyes."

Richardson would have considered himself as fortunate, had he been enabled to add another lively scene to the domestic life of Milton. This has been obtained by the late laureate, who, in his second edition of his juvenile poems, has given the nuncupative will of our poet. I gather from a mass of the barren superfluities of legal information, those interesting strokes with which every man of sensibility and taste will sympathize. We must recollect, that at the period to which they relate, Milton was no more the secretary of the commonwealth, and his friends were destroyed or dispersed. These little facts describe more forcibly than the most eloquent declamation, those secret miseries which preyed on the heart of Milton, and which must not only have disturbed his sublime contemplations, but impeded the vigour of his fancy, and the corrections of his criticism.

It is here we learn, that his children combined to cheat and to rob him; to embitter his hours with scorn and disaffection; and far from solacing the age of their venerable, their sublime parent, they became impatient for his death. He had

No fond companion of his helpless years.

The name of Milton must be added to the catalogue of the unhappy learned. Behold the great Milton, blind, decrepid, poor, and solitary, for solitary he must then have been, amidst those who surrounded him, seated by a little fire in his kitchen, crying to his wife, with a voice of patient grief, "Make much of me as long as I live." When his meat is brought to him, because it is made agreeable to his taste, for he was delicate though temperate, he exclaims with grateful pleasure to his wife, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit, whilst I live." Such is our own domestic language, and such was the domestic language of the sublimest genius. Genius is not above the little consolations of humanity.

Milton had perhaps wandered in the fields of fancy, and consoled his blindness with listening to the voice of his nation, that was to have resounded with his name. To Virgil, and Tasso, and Ariosto, not his masters but his rivals, their country had not been ungrateful. One had basked in the sunshine of a court; the other had seen the laurel wreath prepared for him at Rome; and the last lived to hear his name repeated in the streets, and saluted as the poet of his nation. Milton had enriched his national poetry with two epics; what were his rewards? Milton considered himself as fortunate in having one female who did not entirely abandon him, and one obscure fanatic, who was pleased with his poems because they were religious. What laurels! What felicities!

Je lis les noms des poetes fameux;
Ou sont les noms des poetes heureux?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE USE OF ANECDOTES.

TO solace mental fatigue by the amusements of fancy, is no loss of time. Students know how often the eye is busied in wandering over the page, while the mind lies in torpid inactivity; they therefore compute their time, not by the hours consumed in study, but by the real acquisitions they obtain; they do not number the voyages they make, but the gold and the diamonds they bring home. A man of letters best feels the truth of the maxim of Hesiod, when applied to Time, that "Half is better than the whole." But it is a complaint of ingenious minds, that when they deviate into the gardens of Armida, they want the fortitude of Rinaldo to exile themselves from their enchantments. Yet works of amusement must relieve those of learning. If a student values his hours, it is therefore as dangerous for him to read romances as it would be not to read them.

It is perhaps more desirable to have such literary collections at hand. Anecdotes gratify the ease of indolence by their conciseness, and the love of novelty by that infinite variety which they present to the mind. Perhaps the interest they excite is superior to that we feel in a work of imagination. It must be felt so at least by the enthusiastic votary, who approaches his masters with anxiety, with curiosity, with admiration.

What painter but must receive an exquisite gratification in this anecdote of Poussin? "I saw Poussin," says Marville, "during my residence at Rome. I have frequently admired the excessive love this excellent painter had for the perfection of his art. Old as he then was, I have met him among the ruins of ancient Rome, and sometimes in the country, and on the borders of the Tiber, sketching whatever he remarked the most to his taste. I have seen him frequently return with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, flowers, and similar objects, which he was desirous of painting exactly after nature. I asked him, one day, by what means he had attained that high excellence which had placed him so eminently among the Italian painters? He answered, modestly, *I have neglected nothing.*"

And what poet is not interested in this literary anecdote of a kindred nature, which Johnson has recorded of Pope? "From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper. If a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time."

While such anecdotes form a source of literary amusement, they convey, at the same time, some of its most valuable instructions. We learn from these anecdotes of Poussin and of Pope, that a painter must bring home moss and flowers, and a poet sentiments and images. There is nothing so minute that should be neglected; nothing so vast but which may escape; we must therefore habituate our mind to studious attention, as much out of our cabinet as in it. The painter does not always require his easel to paint, nor the poet his poem to compose; their genius accompanies them in their walks, and in their conversations.

The studies of artists have a great uniformity. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, though they do not all meet the same glory. It is also certain, that several men of genius have seen their labours neglected for their deficiency in that art of finishing, which is the excellence of art. An artist has many artifices to employ, of which, if he is ignorant, he will never attain that rank which he otherwise would merit. Neither the zeal of his friends,

nor even the malice of his critics, will be capable of discovering to him those mysteries of which he is ignorant, or those failings which render his attempts fruitless. Such arts of composition are only attainable by patient meditation of his own, and on the labours of others. It will be impossible for him to turn over the volumes of literary history without gaining some valuable intelligence which relates to his own studies. From one he learns in what manner he corrected and planned; from another in what manner he overcame those obstacles, which perhaps at that very moment obstructed his progress, and made him rise in despair from his own unfinished labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired for half his life, is revealed to him by a single incident. It is thus that the recreations of indolence may impart the vigour of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we took for pleasure, the medicine that restores our health.

It is necessary that the mind of a writer should be richly stored with anecdotes of all kinds. The most unconnected anecdote may be advantageously employed. Anecdotes will enliven his writings by a pleasing variety; strengthen his opinions by a happy illustration; and will afford him a fund of ingenious allusions. In the Rambler, the great moralist thus speaks: "A Virginian king, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted to find his subjects admitted or excluded with such facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in use, are inclined to laugh at this American amusement; yet I doubt whether I have a single reader that may not apply this story to himself, and recollect some hours of his life, in which he has been equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty." By this anecdote of the Virginian king we may perceive in what manner the ingenuity of a writer may employ, for the happiest application, the most trifling and unconnected anecdote.

There are some who appear born with an antipathy to anecdotes. They exclaim, Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works. This contempt is erroneous, and prejudicial to literature.

One likes to know the history and the occasion of a work; and, above all, the character of an author. These little circumstances serve to lead us into his genius, and the proper understanding of many passages. This is very necessary in political writings, in memoirs, and such as are entitled "histories of our own time." We, of all other nations, abound with party writers; and it is sometimes even necessary, not only to know the *character* of an *author*, but the very *date* of his *publications*.

When we read Parker's History of his own Time, we cease to be surprised at seeing the celebrated Marvell treated as an outcast of society; an infamous libeller; and one whose talents were as despicable as his person. We know that this description was dictated not only by the hatred of party, but by personal rancour. In Froissart we must not be misled by his apparent simplicity and captivating naivete; we must remember that he lived in England a flatterer of queen Philippa and the English court. When we read Comines, it will be proper to recollect that this writer had been born a subject, and had been long a favourite of the duke of Burgundy. Returning from the chace, he one day sat down before his prince, and jocosely ordered him to pull off his boots. The duke pulled off his boots, and dashed them in Comines' face, which bled freely. From that time he was mortified at the court of Burgundy by the nick-name of *the booted head*. Comines felt the wound in his mind. He soon afterwards went over to the king of France. It was at that court he composed his memoirs, in which his old patron is represented as a mon-

ster of pride, tyranny, and cruelty. If we examine the life of the writers of memoirs, we shall find that many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed in their face.

There is no less truth than humour in the well-known observation of Addison. He says, "I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author."

I confess I shall read the works of the three great Italian writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, with more delight since I have become acquainted with their portraits, elaborately drawn by Tiraboschi.—Dante, it seems, was much given to musing and to melancholy. He had some pride; silent in ordinary company; but, when he spoke, every word was *deep impregned* with *thought*. His conversation was as satirical of those he esteemed not, as it was grateful to his friends and patrons. Such was the poet of the sombrous and satirical Inferno!

He who is the model of tender sonnets, and the poet of the loves and graces, was beautiful in his person, and enchanting in his conversation. His eloquence enraptured his delighted auditors. He knew to vary his employments; to fly from the court into the depth of solitude; and it was thus that this amiable genius became as learned as he was accomplished.

Zimmerman says, "Petrarch possessed a restless and unquiet mind; displeased because he was not where he could not go; because he could not attain every thing he wished; because he looked in vain for something it was impossible he should find. Petrarch, in short, possessed all those defects which generally accompany men of genius."

When we consider that he proposed to reside at Venice, and made even a present of his library to the republic, yet could not remain there above two years, with other similar resolutions, which were broken almost as soon as formed, one must prefer this opinion of Zimmerman to Tiraboschi; so difficult is it, however, to fix on the truth!

The licentious writer of the most agreeable prose in Italian had neither the sublime melancholy of Dante, nor the enchanting politeness of Petrarch. In the travels which, in his youthful years, he made in the character of a merchant, he had acquired his variety of knowledge of human nature, and a fixed taste for that gaiety which does not always spare the blushes of the modest, and the scruples of the pious. Love, good eating, and polite learning, were his divinities. He was large and corpulent, a deep drinker, a boon companion, and an adorer of the ladies. At length religion subdued Boccacio, as it afterwards did his disciple La Fontaine. Baccacio suddenly became reserved, lonesome, and melancholy; his studies partook of the change; for, after his conversion, Tiraboschi says, he produced nothing that we can read. One is almost inclined to lament that he became religious.

It is not amiss, when we read the misanthropic works of Hobbes, to recollect that he wrote many of them in a manner which, perhaps, has rendered them so rugged. Soon after dinner he would retire into his study, and have his candle, with ten or twelve pipes placed by him; then, shutting the door, he began smoking, thinking, and writing. From a man who would smoke ten pipes at his studies, it was but natural that his writings should retain something of the effluvia of tobacco. Such a one might be a philosophic politician, but not a poetical philanthropist.

Yet let it not be considered, that, however sensible I may appear to the charms of striking anecdotes, I do not perceive that frequently they are frivolous and insipid. Many collectors of anecdotes have shown, by their inability, that some talents are requisite to render them valua-

ble. Literary history, however, useful and delightful as it is, is seldom written well. Most compilers of such histories are void of all the spirit and genius which the task requires. We have only to examine the eloges of the French academicians, composed by Fontenelle and D'Alembert, to perceive in what manner literary anecdotes should be written, and to most other writers to see how they should not be given.

We may offer, as a model of this species of composition, some parts of the Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting, by Du Bos. When this ingenious reflector would establish his observation, "that the impulse of genius determines those who were born with it, to become a painter or poet," he shows, by a series of connected anecdotes, that most of the celebrated painters were never born the sons of painters*. As for poets, they are still a more striking testimony of this impulse of genius. No father ever yet designed his son to assume the profession of a poet. We cannot doubt the truth of these observations when we read that variety of facts which he has united with such taste, and which establish the great principle of the impulse of genius. There are other sections in this agreeable work, which instruct us by the happy manner in which he has interwoven among his reflections a series of interesting incidents.

Johnson, who has devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes: "They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind, the *irregularity of his pulse;* nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherbe, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominate opinions: one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentleman*, because either word included the sense of both."

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following. Dr. Warton has informed the world, that *many of our poets have been handsome.* This, certainly, neither concerns the world nor their poetry. It is trifling to tell us, that Johnson was accustomed "*to cut his nails to the quick.*" I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore *a greater number of stockings* than any other person, excepting one, whose name I forget. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that *two things* were *remarkable* of this *scholar:* the *first*, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him; and, *secondly*, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which, he used to inform his friends, he had in common with Alexander the great! Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin and Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutiæ, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept four? That he wore green taffety in France; but that, in Holland, he quitted taffety for cloth; and that he was fond of omelets of eggs? There are writers who cannot distinguish between such frivolous particulars and those anecdotes which convey some striking sentiment, characteristic of sublime genius. It must also be confessed, that there are readers who, when they meet with interesting

* Raphael, observes Du Bos, is the only exception.

anecdotes of illustrious men, rank them with such frivolous particulars.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers to give us all they know, than to permit themselves the power of rejection; because, for this, there is required a certain degree of taste and discernment, which many biographers are not so fortunate as to possess. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than that any thing material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear trivial to the reader, may bear some remote or latent connection, which mature reflection often discovers. It is certain, that a biographer, who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many noble connections which escape an ordinary reader. Dr. Kippis, in closing the life of Birch, has formed an apology for that minute research, which, it is said, this writer has carried to a blameable excess. "It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject, often sees a connection and importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them that will escape the notice of superficial minds."

D'Olivet has been censured for dwelling, in his Continuation of the History of the French Academy, on minute circumstances, unworthy of the dignity of the historian. Perhaps it was unfortunate that his predecessor Fontenelle so eminently distinguished himself in the same career. In a letter which he wrote some time after his work was published, he gives his opinion on these minutiæ of literary history. He says, "For my part, I should be charmed if we had a good life of Homer, of Plato, of Horace, of Virgil, and their equals. It is in these cases the minutest details would not fail to interest me; but I would not give a straw to know the year of Rome in which Bavius was born, who were his father, his mother, his nurse, and his preceptor; the number of his brothers and sisters, nor the year and the day in which he died." A warm admirer of any great man never finds any thing uninteresting which relates to him; but some biographers do not recollect, that the lives they record are not always those which enjoy this privilege.

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE DELINQUENT, REYNOLDS'S LAST COMEDY.

REYNOLDS, as an author, in fecundity and success, seems to be the only British competitor of the German Kotzebue.

He has so long and deservedly amused the public, that we always regret when he suffers any failure; but it is impossible to be always new and entertaining, and Mr. R. must take refuge in the general and consoling maxim, that "all things have a tendency to deterioration," and that other authors who wield the quill like himself, must soon, like himself, be subject to have it worn to the stumps.

The fable of this piece is contrived to produce absurd surprises; to connect the *dramatis personæ* by links of hidden consanguinity, and to make husband and wife, father and daughter, uncle and aunt, german cousins, and grandmothers, of a set of characters who at the commencement of the play seem nowise related.

The author had probably flattered himself, that it would make a noble incident in his comedy to show a father unwarily entrapped by his ne-

cessities to be a *pander* to his unknown daughter. A ruined baronet is exhibited as the led captain of a young profligate, and is tempted by his patron to steal away a lady from a boarding school, who at last turns out to be his own child.

This incident, however outrageous, is not wholly new; there is something similar in a paper of the Adventurer, in which a father is shown picking up a prostitute in the street, and discovering her to be his daughter.

But it is not sufficient that *Olivia* should be thus related to *sir Arthur;* it becomes necessary for the plot of the play that the governess of this young lady should turn out to be his wife, whom he supposed to have been long dead.

Such things as these are certainly out of the common way; and no less so is the circumstance of sir Arthur's creditors tearing all their bills, and cancelling their securities, as if they were so much waste paper. People who have seen much of the world would tell Mr. Reynolds, that bond-and-judgment creditors may be thus easily got rid of in a play, but are not so quickly dispatched elsewhere.

Sir Arthur, however, in the latter end of the comedy, seemed to have moved heaven and earth in his favour, and to have good fortune poured upon him in profuse showers. His outlawry is reversed, without the form of petitioning the court; his bankruptcy is set aside, without any reason assigned; and he is white-washed in a few clap-trap sentences about benevolence and *what not.*

The other characters of the play, for of the mother and daughter I shall say nothing, as they are in the usual style, the one all virtue, and the other all penitence, are an architect and his son, "*Dorie and Co.;*" the first time, by the bye, I ever heard of a *firm* of architects, this being a business in which partnership is not very customary.—However, Dorie and Co. are by no means amusing personages. Emery is a sailor turned jockey; he excites some expectations in the first act, but, in the conclusion, seems to answer no other end than to impress the good moral lesson of the fallacy of hope.

For the Literary Magazine.

PARTICULARS CONCERNING IRELAND.

THE climate of Ireland is mild, temperate, and salubrious, and the natural fertility of the soil superior to that of England; the rocks even are clothed with grass. Those of lime stone, with a thin covering of mould, have the most beautiful verdure, so that sheep-walks seem to be pointed out by Nature as the proper destination for a great portion of the soil of this island. Besides these, there are vast tracts of mountainous ground adapted to the rearing and breeding numbers of black cattle, which are expeditiously fattened in the rich and moist plains below. Few countries are watered in an equal degree with Ireland. She boasts of a multitude of rivers, many of them navigable, and of streams innumerable, which, while they refresh the soil, and embellish the scene, invite the hand of industry to lay out bleach-greens, establish manufactures, and erect mills and machinery on the banks. Hence also the means of intercourse of all parts of the kingdom with each other by inland navigation.

The bowels of the earth are rich in mines of copper, lead, and iron; they produce also coals and culm more than sufficient for the consumption of the country, and a variety of other mineral substances of great use in the manufactures. Ireland possesses inexhaustible quarries of beautiful marble, and all the materials for building, wood only excepted, in the greatest profusion.

The situation of Ireland, with respect to foreign relations and commerce, is peculiarly favourable to

the encouragement of industry, and the advancement of productive labour. The principal disadvantages are the want of timber, and of fuel, which is so necessary in almost all the manufactures. The chief manufacture of Ireland is linen. The linen trade replaces three distinct capitals which had been employed in productive labour: the capital of the farmer who produced the flax; the capital of the master manufacturer who employed the hands in its progress to the state of linen web; and the capital of the bleacher who finishes it for consumption.

A manufacture is entitled to preference, which can be fabricated wholly, or for the most part, from domestic materials. This praise is peculiarly due to the Irish linen manufacture, since almost all the money advanced from the capital of the society to set in motion the linen manufacture circulates within the society itself. From the moment of the seed being first put in the ground, to the time of its being exhibited in the market in the form of a piece of white linen, every thing is the native growth of the soil, every thing the productive labour of the inhabitants of the country. This manufacture possesses another excellence; it carries the productive labour of the workman to the highest pitch of value. The acquired value, which the skill and exertion of the manufacturer bestow in the progress of the manufacture, is greater, in proportion to the intrinsic value of the raw materials in the linen manufacture, than in most others. The same parcel of flax may be made into a piece of common linen worth two shillings a yard, or into a piece of cambrick of twelve times the value; merely by the different exertions of the spinners and weavers. A circumstance of peculiar excellence in the linen manufacture is its intimate connection with agriculture; it not only employs the people actually engaged in the manufacture itself, but also the husbandman in raising the product about which it is conversant. The cultivation is attended with considerable profit, and employs great numbers of women and children, who might be otherwise a burden on the community.

The principal obstacles to the success of the woollen, cotton, and silk manufactures, and those in which fire is the chief agent, are the want of capital and the want of fuel.

Glass is of such unbounded variety of uses and forms; it is capable of being wrought up to such surprising brilliancy; it not only contributes so much to the embellishment of our houses and tables, but is so necessary, in an infinite variety of applications, to the comfort and convenience, the cleanliness and health of man, that it must quickly become an object of great consideration in every country where industry resides. Considering the prodigious advantages of glazed windows in a cold and moist climate, where the object of the architect must be to transmit as much light as possible, and, at the same time, to exclude the damp air; considering the variety of useful vessels, for common purposes, that are formed of this substance; considering its important services to science, particularly in chemistry, optics, and electricity; it is no wonder that every country should feel the value of this manufacture, and wish to exercise the arts of producing its fabrics. The exertions of Ireland have been directed to this branch of industry; and her essays, as far as they have extended, have been more successful than in most other manufactures, and reflected equal credit on the taste and application of her workmen.

The general obstacles to the prosperity of Irish trade and manufactures are, 1. War. 2. Religious intolerance. 3. Laws indiscreetly meddling, to confine or vex the manufacturer in his operations: such are some of the excise laws. 4. Taxes that check the consumption of a manufacture. 5. Multiplied festivals. 6. Prejudices respecting

usury, tending to keep money out of circulation. 7. Luxury among manufacturers, consuming their capital, and cramping their operations.

Prodigality is the prevailing disposition of the Irish; their apparel, their houses, their attendants, their tables, their equipages are all in a style respectively beyond their means. This, too, generally begins with the higher orders, and goes on, in a regular graduated scale, down to the lowest classes. Every one aspires to a rank above his own, aping its manners, and vying with it in dissipation. The country 'squire, tired of cultivating his demesne, and leading the life of unassuming ease and plenty, that his ancestors led before him, mortgages part of his estate; buys a seat in parliament; brings his family on the *pave* of Dublin; rigs himself out in clumsy finery, and second-hand airs; haunts levees like a ghost; besieges the doors of secretaries and under-secretaries like a catch-pole; and thinks himself well rewarded with a place of five hundred a year during the continuance of his parliamentary being. Foolish man! he never stops to consider that the sum paid for his return for a borough, together with what he might have accumulated by economy and decent frugality, would have purchased the fee simple of an income as great as that, for which he sacrifices his independence, his quiet, his character, and the morals of his family.

What does the merchant or shopkeeper? He commences business with perhaps two thousand pounds, which is considered as a handsome capital. The whole or the most part of this capital he expends on the fine of a large house, and on furniture. His stock in trade he obtains on credit. He keeps a pair of hunters and a harlot. He indulges himself in all the pleasures of the table. He frequents the gaming-house. In short, he lives in a style of a man who had already acquired an ample fortune. He flatters himself that, by frequent entertainments and conviviality, he shall acquire friends, and form useful connections. His credit totters; he gets a wife, with some money; this wards off the evil day for a season, only to return with greater certainty; for the wife is not less extravagant than the husband. The man becomes a bankrupt; pays two shillings and sixpence in the pound; and is happy if he can become a tide-waiter, a gauger, a hearth-money collector, or an ensign of militia. He dies, and leaves a race of idle, uneducated beggars to burthen the community. Such is the history of many a merchant and master manufacturer in Ireland.

For the Literary Magazine.

TCHIKANAKOA AND THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

TCHIKANAKOA, a celebrated chief, commanded the united Indians at the defeat of St. Clair. He was an uncommon man, for, with the talents and fame of an accomplished warrior, he is the uniform supporter of peace and order, among five or six tribes who put their trust in him; simple, wise, temperate, ardent in his pursuits; speaking different languages eloquently; attached to the hereditary chief of his tribe, whom he supports though he might supplant; preserving his dignity among the vulgar of every rank, by a correct reserve; to his friends, as it were, unembodied, showing all the movements of his soul, gay, witty, pathetic, playful by turns, as his feelings are drawn forth by natural occasions; above all things sincere.

While the weapons, dresses, and trinkets of these people find their way into our cabinets, ornaments drawn from the Indian wardrobe of the mind, the dresses in which they exhibit the creations of their fancy, may by some be thought not uncurious.

The North American Indians from the south of the Missouri, and from thence to the Northern Ocean, have no idea of poetry as it derives its character from rhyme or measure. Their songs are short enthusiastic sentences, subjected to no laws of composition, accompanied by monotonous music, either rapid or slow, according to the subject, or the fancy of the singer. Their apologues are numerous and ingenious, abounding with incidents, and calculated to convey some favourite lesson. Their tales, too, generally inculcate some moral truth, or some maxim of prudence or policy. In one the misfortunes of a great chief are so linked with his vices, and wind up so fatally at last, that a man of worth whom he sought to oppress, is, by his own agency, made the instrument of his destruction, and established as his successor. The private virtues of this successor, particularly his respect for the other sex, the want of which was the great vice of his predecessor, is made the foundation of his fame and prosperity. In another, the particular duties of women are enforced, by showing how certain women who deviated from ordinary rules were persecuted by the *manitoo* of the woods; in the progress of which they are made to owe their safety, in various trials, to some particular act of female discretion or delicacy, which they had before neglected. The Indians have their Circe, as well as the Greeks; she is very seducing, and the fate of her votaries very terrible; the strokes of the pencil by which she is drawn are masterly; but the tales respecting this lady are only calculated for the ears of men. This people, worthy of a better fate, are gradually degenerating and wasting away. I have already seen an Indian nation so degraded, that it cannot produce a single orator. Half a century will efface their best peculiarities, and, so multiplied are the causes of their decline, perhaps extinguish them altogether.

E.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

Letters from Europe, during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the Years 1801 *and* 1802. *By a Native of Pennsylvania.* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*

Continued from vol. IV, p. 470.

THE greatest part of these volumes is occupied with Italy. The author makes no considerable halt on his journey from the summit of the Alps to Florence. We meet, in this course, with some useful remarks upon the best mode of travelling in this celebrated country; a few travelling anecdotes; rapid sketches of the plains of Lombardy, the borders of the Po, of the cities of Placentia, Parma, and Modena, of Bologna, its cathedral church, with its pictures and sculptures; a dominican monk; the passage of the Appennines, and a view of Tuscany. The author then enters Florence, where he appears to have staid some time, and to have been very industrious in examining the monuments of arts, of which, notwithstanding the depredations of the French, it still contains a vast number. The squares, streets, temples, palaces, libraries, museums, and pictures of Florence, are briefly enumerated and described. The cathedral church, being the principal curiosity, detains the author's attention longer than any other object. Then follows a short political and economical view of Tuscany. We have also a curious sample, in a note, of the mode in which religious ideas are employed for popular convenience. Though this passage may be liable to objection, on one account, yet the information it contains is highly characteristic, and every judicious reader will regret that these pages have so few of such original and direct observations upon manners; particularly as, in these he gives us, the writer's style is agreeable and interesting.

Some remarks are made upon *improvisatori*. The author makes light of the merit or difficulty of this impromptu poetry. The facilities afforded by the nature of the language, and the little intrinsic merit of these performances, will, he thinks, naturally and fully solve this poetical mystery.

In the journey from Florence to Rome, the author stops at Sienna long enough to take a hasty view of the cathedral. A continued journey affords some observations which, though few, are not without value. Rome at length appears, and here the author makes an abode of considerable duration, and gives us a view of this great city, principally confined to its monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting: a view which, in most respects, is brief and scanty. This brevity, however, arises from the multiplicity of objects compared with the limits to which the author confines himself. In so small a space, such numerous objects could not fail to be crowded, and no single one could expect a very large share of attention. The author's taste and judgment, however, merits no small praise for selecting and arranging his subjects, and for placing them in interesting and instructive points of view.

On St. Peter's church he has dwelt longer and more minutely than on any other monument. In this he has shown his judgment, since this is not only the most important object at Rome, but former travellers have given us no adequate or intelligible account of it. They furnish us, in general, with cold and frigid details, which, as they flow from vague and indistinct ideas in the transcriber, make no other impression on the reader. This author, on the contrary, gives us a picture, full, particular, and glowing, and such a one as is pleasing and intelligible to the popular reader, while it is instructive to the connoisseur and artist.

Our traveller makes a tour through this church, in which he conducts us through its principal recesses, and from the pavement to the summit of the lanthorn. The enthusiasm with which he is inspired by this deliberate and successive survey of this stupendous edifice, communicates itself to his style, which, on this topic, has an unusual portion of splendour and elegance. The description of the building terminates with a brief history of its erection.

The account of this church is all eulogy. We have no critical remarks upon the style or the materials of this edifice. The writer, no doubt, intended a general and popular description, in which such remarks would, perhaps, have been unseasonable. There is, however, some observations in a note (vol. 1, p. 223), which may be deemed exceptions to this remark, and which are liable to some objection.

He says, " Travellers have remarked, as a fault, the monotonous simplicity of the front of St. Peter's; and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated facade of St. Paul's; overlooking the sublime idea of Paul V, and Charles Maderne, to render the cathedral of Christendom a monument of Christ and his apostles. This obliged them to divide the frontispiece by a *regular intercolumniation*, upon the twelve piers of which should stand the twelve apostles, thus emphatically indicated as the pillars of the church."

The architectural travellers whom we have met with have invariably condemned the facade of St. Peter's, for *the want of simplicity:* instead of twelve columns, regularly intercolumniated, and *proportionally* surmounted, which was the grand idea of the first architect, we have eight half columns and four pilasters, forming only nine intervals, no two of which, on the same side, are correspondent in their breadth. Four of the central columns support a most diminutive and contemptible pediment, and the whole colonnade, if such a motley range of columns and pilasters merits that name, is surmounted by a

huge and disproportioned attic. The facade of St. Paul's has infinitely more simplicity and regularity, though consisting of two stories, and of columns and pilasters. The simplicity lies not in number, but in arrangement.

We have, in the next chapter, an account of the appendages of this temple. In a short digression, the author attacks the catholic interpretation of scripture, on which the papal authority is founded. He gives an account of the chief mosaic paintings of several tombs.

From St. Peter's, the author leads us to the papal palace of the Vatican, whose galleries, chambers, chapels, libraries, and museums, are agreeably and circumstantially described.

After bestowing suitable attention upon these principal objects, the traveller proceeds, with more haste and brevity, through the remains of ancient edifices, some modern temples and palaces. Having taken a rapid, but particular view of these, he retires, in fancy, to a convenient eminence, and gives us a general view of this famous capital, in which modern appearances are combined with reliques of antiquity. This sketch has considerable merit.

After this comparatively long detail of architectural wonders, the author gives us sketches of life and manners. They appear to be drawn from immediate observation, and are characteristic and amusing. A good deal is said about the Roman mendicants, and pleasing anecdotes occur respecting them.

We have next a chapter on the ceremonies of the Roman church, in which are more particularly described the papal functions at the celebration of Christmas; and the author relates an adventure which befel him in a nocturnal ramble, among the ruins of the Coliseum, which is followed by a lively picture of the ceremonies used at the consecration of the reigning pope: with this concludes the first volume.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN NEWS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

IT appears from the report of the baron Von Kotzebue, in his recent travels through Italy, that the business of unrolling the Herculanean MSS. proceeds at Portici, under the direction of M. Hayter, with success and rapidity.

One hundred and thirty manuscripts have already been unrolled, or are unrolling; and M. Hayter does not despair of being able to decypher the six hundred manuscripts which are still extant. Eleven young persons are constantly employed in unfolding the manuscripts, and two others in copying or drawing them, all under the direction of M. Hayter, and at the expence of his royal highness the prince of Wales. Another work has been discovered of Philodemus, treating on the vices which border on virtues; besides a work of Epicurus, of Phædrus, Demetrius Phalerus, and Colotos; the last in reply to Plato on friendship. Among seven Latin manuscripts, M. Hayter has found a historical work, written in the style and manner of Livy; and, among the Greek ones, the entire works of Epicurus, in the best state of preservation.

Mr. Humboldt is beginning to publish the results of his late travels, with an affectation that deserves to be reprobated. He begins with some expensive numbers of botany, and thence proceeds to some other numbers of zoology and geology, promising that he will condescend also to give to the public an *abridged* account of his travels, adapted to general reading. His condescension does not, however, terminate here: for he tells the world that he may, probably, in a few years, publish a full account of his travels, but that the *abridged* account may satisfy curiosity till he has leisure to gratify it fully!

Mr. Irving, author of a work on English Composition, and of the

Lives of the Scottish Poets, is engaged on a Life of the celebrated George Buchanan.

Mr. William Close has invented an apparatus for raising water, by means of air condensed in its descent through an inverted syphon. This syphon has its higher orifice placed in a situation to receive both air and water at the same time. The air, being conveyed by the velocity of the aqueous column to the lowest part of the syphon, and collected in a vessel, is employed as the medium for conveying pressure to raise water in another part of the apparatus. Mr. C. finds from experiments that a machine constructed upon this principle will raise water for domestic purposes, and although it will not perform half as much work as a bucket-engine by a forcing-pump, yet it may be kept continually employed, and is subject to very little wear, as its operation will almost be performed without friction.

Mr. Stothard has found that the elasticity of the steel in watch-springs, &c., is greatly impaired by taking off the blue with sand-paper, or otherwise; and, what is still more striking, that it may be restored again by the blueing process, without any previous hardening or other additional treatment.

It is not generally known that green succulent plants are much better preserved after a momentary immersion in boiling water than otherwise. The treatment is adopted for the economical preservation of cabbage and other plants which are dried for keeping, as it destroys the vegetable life at once, and seems to prevent an after process of decay or mortification, by which the plant would have been more considerably changed, if it had not been so suddenly killed.

The following is a method for preserving wood in damp situations. Take twelve pounds of resin beat in a mortar, three pounds of sulphur, and twelve pints of whale-oil; let them be melted together over a fire; ochre powder may be added to give it a proper colour. Of this preparation two coats are to be applied, after which the wood will not be subject to injury by humidity. The first coat should be laid on lightly, having been previously heated; the second, after an interval of two or three days; a third may be added, if, from the peculiarity of the situation, it be judged expedient.

Mr. Davies Giddy has lately described a singular fact of the invisible emission of steam and smoke together from the chimney of a furnace; though either of them, if separately emitted, is visible as usual. "The flue," says he, speaking of a steam engine, "for conveying off the smoke and affording a draft, was made of rolled iron; and the steam, which wholly escapes from these machines uncondensed, was conducted into the same tube about a foot above its insertion into the boiler: when the engine began to move, neither steam nor smoke were seen to issue from the flue; and when fresh coal was added, nothing more than a faint white cloud became apparent, and that only for a short time. The register was slowly closed, and a condensation of steam manifested itself at a small distance from the chimney, and in the same quantity as if it had proceeded immediately from the boiler. The experiment was reversed, and the steam gradually confined to the boiler, when the smoke became visible, till it equalled in quantity and appearance that commonly produced by a similar fire. These trials were repeated a number of times, with unvarying success. Pains were taken to ascertain whether, and in what degree, the draft was affected by the admission of steam into the flue, and it was found that, while the engine worked, the fire brightened each time the steam obtained admission into the chimney." To elucidate this fact, Mr. Nicholson contrived the following experiment. "A small glass tube was stuck through a cork, and this was pressed into the neck of the retort in which water was boiling over a

lamp. The steam was emitted through this small aperture in a visible jet upwards of a foot in length. But when a candle was held with its flame immediately beneath the end of the tube, the jet became invisible. To determine whether the water might be decomposed, or the steam simply expanded so far as to be absorbed by the air, or if condensed to form a vapour too thin to be perceived, he suffered the hot invisible current which had passed through the candle to pass through a larger glass tube: in this case visible steam issued plentifully from the farther end. Hence (says Mr. N.) I am disposed to judge that the large tube having kept the very hot steam together, and cooled it so as to render it visible again, there was little if any decomposition of the water. But, at the same time, when we consider the disappearance of the dense smoke in Mr. Giddy's experiment, there seems to be great reason to think that the charcoal was oxygenated and gassified. If so, the products must have been expanded into invisible steam, hydrogen, and carbonic acid. By collecting the products in an experiment of this kind, these conjectures will either be verified or refuted. If the former, we shall have the decomposition of water and oxygenation of carbon at a lower temperature than has hitherto been shown or expected.

Mungo Park, with his companions, who sailed from Portsmouth a few months ago, having touched at the islands of St. Jago and Goree, arrived at Kayay, on the river Gambia, on the 14th of April, whence they were to proceed in a few days into the interior of Africa. The heat was at that time so excessive, that the thermometer was, in the middle of the day, 100 degrees in the shade, and frequently three hours after sunset it continued from 82 to 92 degrees.

An almanack of the Ramazan has been printed, for the first time, at Constantinople, under the direction of Aldorahman. Printing was introduced into that city in 1726, by Said, who had been at Paris with his father the ambassador, and by Ibrahim, a Hungarian. They were protected by Achmet III, and printed several books, but the almanac never made its appearance before.

Lalande solicited the restoration of the Gregorian calendar in France, but the emperor has contented himself for the present with ordering that the 1st of January, which is reckoned in the number of family festivals, by a great majority of the French, should be celebrated.

M. Benzenberg, professor of natural philosophy and astronomy at Dusseldorf, has published twenty-eight experiments, with balls carefully turned and polished, which were dropped from an elevation of 262 Paris feet. They gave, on an average, a deviation of five lines towards the east, though theory assigns only four lines and six-tenths. These experiments were made in the coal mines of Schebusch. They would afford additional proof, were it necessary, of the movement of the earth, concerning which it is impossible to entertain any doubt. The latest experiments made at Bologna by M. Guglielmini afforded nearly the same result.

The aerostatic experiments made at Bologna in Italy, on the 7th of October, 1803, and the 22d of August, 1804, by M. Zambeccari, have been published by the society of Bologna; and we there observe oars and other contrivances which cause us to hope for great improvements in this important discovery of Montgolfier.

M. Dupuis, of the Institute, has read a curious memoir on the phœnix. He demonstrates that this celebrated bird never existed. It was stated to return at periods of 1481 years; but writers vary considerably relative to this duration. Herodotus relates many wonderful things concerning the phœnix; Pliny speaks of its reproduction; Tacitus informs us, that it repairs to Heliopolis to die. It was consecrated to the sun. One of the times of its

appearance occurred during the reign of Sesostris, 1328 years before our era. Horus Apollo and Nonnus assert that it was an emblem of the sun, and one of the names of that luminary.

In a medical thesis, Boulet had raised doubts concerning the age of Hippocrates, in consequence of a passage of that author on the rising of Arcturus; but Dupuis has remarked, that a single observation is sufficient to destroy the whole theory of Boulet, who asserts, that the rising of Arcturus is a heliacal rising, against the express text of Hesiod, who says, that it is a rising of the twilight which takes place at the close of day, at the beginning of the night. If it were true, as he maintains, that the colures of the equinoxes ought to be placed so as they must have been three thousand years ago, so far from finding that their positions correspond with those stated by Hesiod, we should see that Sirius was not visible under the parallel of 39 degrees, and the other appearances would not have happened at the period indicated by Hesiod. So great a change in the declination would thence result, that the risings and settings would no longer correspond to the periods of the year to which the author has referred them.

A map of Holland is preparing in that country with infinite pains: the same precautions are observed as if the point in question was the mensuration of a degree. De Zach has given in his Journal the chart of the triangles which are already finished; they adjoin to those measured by Delambre for the great meridian; and the distance between Dunkirk and Montcassel is taken for the first side. When the triangles are completed, a base will be measured towards the north for the purpose of verifying them. The Batavian republic has charged colonel Krayenhoff with the superintendance of this new map.

M. Rochon, who, in the third volume of his voyages, gave an easy method for reducing the distances observed at sea, has this year procured a curious instrument to be made for still farther facilitating those calculations. He has likewise published an important work intitled, "Voyage to Madagascar, to Morocco, and the Indian Seas," accompanied with maps of Madagascar and the East Indies, a vocabulary of Madagascar, astronomical tables to find the longitudes at sea; in three volumes, octavo.

A very beautiful hydrographical chart of the White Sea appeared in the month of November, 1804, at Petersburg. The author is lieutenant-general Kutusoff. Several naval officers have been employed four years under his direction in collecting the materials necessary to the composition of this chart. The coasts of the White Sea, of its gulfs, and of part of the Frozen Ocean, are drawn from trigonometrical surveys; its depth has been measured with care, and sixteen of the principal points of the coast have been determined by astronomical observations.

Lartique, who has for thirty years been attached to the depot of the French navy, has completed a large and beautiful map of America in relievo, exhibiting the mountains and islands, and the colours of the sea, in such a manner as cannot fail to interest all those who study geography: even the blind may learn that science from it.

Coulomb has read to the French Institute an interesting memoir on the effect of heat on magnetism. At 200 degrees of heat it loses two-fifths, and the whole at 700 degrees, at which the tempering of steel only commences.

To ascertain those elevated degrees which the thermometer cannot indicate, Coulomb puts a pound of ignited iron into a pound of water, the heat divides itself between the steel and the water, and you perceive the relation of the caloric to the two substances; the water changes nine times less than the iron; it requires nine times the heat to raise the water to a certain temperature than iron.

A letter, recently transmitted by the French captain-general Ernouf, at Guadaloupe, to M. Faujas St. Fond, communicates, among various observations on natural history, the following notice: "Your son has undoubtedly informed you, on his arrival in France, of the excursion I have made in this island, and has told you that I have visited the celebrated *Cote du Mole*, where the remains of Caraibs are found enveloped in masses of petrified madrepore. I have held out encouragements to an active and intelligent person, with a view to procure some of these remarkable skeletons.—Those that are in the best preservation I intend for the galleries of the Museum of Natural History. I have sent some negro stone-cutters to the person who superintends the work, the execution of which is attended with great difficulties; in the first place because these remains of Caraibs adhere to a bed of madrepore of excessive hardness, and which can only be attacked by the chissel; and in the second, because the sea, at the tide of flood, covers the place where they are. These human relics are of large dimensions: the mass which it is necessary to extract with them is about eight feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, and weighs about 3000 pounds; but the sea facilitates their removal. Opinions are divided concerning their origin: some say a bloody battle took place on this spot between the natives of this island and those of another. Some again assert that a fleet of canoes was wrecked there; and others presume that the place was formerly a cemetery on which the sea had encroached.

A new academy has been instituted at Paris, the object of which is to collect and explain Celtic monuments, and to extend researches into primitive languages. It has assumed the name of the Celtic Academy, will publish memoirs periodically, and propose prize-essays. A member of this academy *is said to have discovered* a method by which two persons may correspond and converse without understanding each other's language.

M. Cadet de Vaux proposes, as a remedy for the gout, that the patient should drink forty-eight glasses of warm water in twelve hours, a glass at the end of every quarter of an hour, taking nothing else during the time. This remedy, we are assured, has been tried with great success in France; and it is thought that the profuse perspiration which this process occasions is the cause of the cure. The trial is easily made.

M. Eichhorn, well known among the German literati, has published a History of Literature from its origin to the present time, of which a translation is preparing in London.

M. Quatremere-de-Quincy, dissatisfied with the descriptions of Pausanias, the abbé Barthelemy, and others, has written a long memoir upon the statue and throne of the Olympian Jupiter, the celebrated work of Phidias. He has subjoined to this memoir a figure of this monument of art, such as it was in his opinion.

By a late decree of the French government it is ordered that no church-book, psalm-book, church-music, catechism, or prayer-book, shall for the future be printed without the express permission of the bishop of the diocese, which permission is to be affixed to each copy. All books not licensed in this manner are liable to be seized, and the publishers and purchasers are subjected to very heavy fines!

Dr. Lafuente has published a memoir, by command of the king of Spain, which contains a new method of curing the yellow fever. According to the experiments of Dr. Lafuente, bark is the most powerful remedy for that dreadful disease. By taking from eight to ten ounces of that powerful antiseptic in the first forty-eight hours of the disorder, the fatal consequences of the yellow fever, or any other fever, may be prevented.

The Jews at Hamburgh have resolved not to bury their dead before a lapse of three days, to prevent the dreadful consequence of premature burials, which are so generally prevalent among that people.

M. Prony has lately been engaged in a series of new experiments to ascertain the initial velocity of projectiles discharged from fire-arms. The experiments were made with a soldier's firelock and a horseman's carbine, the lengths of which in the bore were 3 ft. 8 in. and 2 ft. 5 in. The balls weighed 382 grs. troy, and each was impelled by half its weight of powder. The mean velocity with the carbine was 1269 feet and a half in a second; that with the musket 1397 feet. These numbers being in the ratio of 11 to 10 nearly, it is inferred that the length of the soldier's firelock might be reduced without much diminishing its range. With half charges of powder the mean velocities were 822½ feet and 829 in a second.

The emperor of Russia proposes forming an institution at Petersburg for the purpose of improving the navy, which is to be called the Marine Museum. In this institution, lessons in all the sciences necessary to be known by a sea-officer will be given. It will publish a sort of journal upon every subject that concerns the marine. There will be attached to the museum a library and a collection of natural history, which will be constantly open to the students. The establishment is to be under the direction of the minister of the marine, and the members are to wear a uniform like that of the marines.

General Alexander Palitzyn has translated into the Russian language the Voyage of Lord Macartney to China, which will be accompanied with very fine plates.

The university of Landshut has offered the degree of doctor of philosophy to any one of its pupils who should point out in the clearest manner, in the fragments still extant concerning the mystic sects of antiquity, such as the new Platonists, the Pythagoreans, the Gnostics, the Origenists, and in the more modern works of the scholastics, the Theosophists, the Cabalists, and the school of Jacob Bohm, the materials of which professor Schelling has composed his philosophy.

The celebrated aeronaut, Robertson, has announced his intention of constructing a balloon 136 feet in diameter, and capable of raising the weight of 740 quintals (about thirty-three tons.) Fifty persons will be able to embark in it with comfort, and will find in it all the conveniences of animal and social life, and provisions for several months. The balloon may travel at all elevations and in all temperatures, and may be employed to make physical and astronomical experiments in all parts of the world. Geography will derive from it great advantages, because the aeronauts will not be checked either by mountains or by forests. Perhaps, with the assistance of the trade-winds, it may even make the circuit of the globe between the tropics. The globe for this apparatus will be made of taffeta manufactured on purpose at Lyons, and of a boat of deal, weighing 20,000 pounds. It will be furnished with cordage of silk and provisions, and will have its kitchen, two workshops, a washhouse, an observatory, a chapel, an academical saloon, a card-room, and a concert-room. It will likewise carry a smaller balloon and a parachute in case of accident. The honour of constructing such a balloon, which according to the ingenious projector will not cost more than a ship of the line, ought, he says, to belong to all the learned societies of Europe.— He therefore invites them to contribute to the expence, and ensures to each subscribing academy the right of furnishing two aeronauts for this scientific expedition

His majesty the king of Prusia has given orders, that as the mineral fumigations of Guyton Morveau are proved to be the safest preventative against the yellow fever, they they shall be adopted in all the Prus-

sian harbours, and in all vessels under quarantine, or coming from suspected places.

A German gentleman, travelling through different places in Spain, at the time when the yellow fever made its ravages, observed, that of all kinds of birds the sparrows only had some notion of the dangerous influence of this disease, so far that they left the houses when the infection had taken place, and by no allurement were to be induced to return, while other birds fell a victim of their ignorance. The inhabitants therefore considered the continuance of the sparrows in a dwelling-house as a certain proof of its being free from the contagion.

The very valuable library of the late professor Baldinger at the university of Marpurg is now offered for sale, either public or private, by his heirs. It would certainly be a great loss if such a treasure of rare works should be scattered by public sale. The library consists of more than 16,000 volumes. Among others there are nearly one hundred and thirty editions of the works of Hippocrates; and also all the different editions of the medical classics, and other rare works, besides 13,000 academical dissertations.

By a ten years comparison of the bills of mortality of Vienna, the number of deaths upon an average amounted to 14,600 and among these 835 children fell a victim to the natural small-pox every year. But since the introduction of the cow-pox no more than 161 children died of the small-pox in 1801; in the year 1802 only 60; in the year 1803 but 37; and in the year 1804 only two children, and of these one belonged to foreign travelling parents.

Dr. Kopp has made interesting inquiries on the spontaneous combustion of the human body. It was formerly an almost general opinion that the combustion only took place in drunkards, and it was believed that their whole frame was impregnated with the spirituous liquor. But on comparing the different cases which Dr. Kopp has had an opportunity to collect, it appears that the combustion chiefly takes place in elderly people, and mostly in women. In general in all these instances the victims were very fat or very lean, which proves a weak state of the constitution, and they were accustomed to drink spirituous liquors. The combustion penetrated rapidly the whole body, but the trunk was the most injured. Almost in all cases a fire was at hand. In several instances the patients complained that they perceived something like an electrical stroke in some part of the body. The accident mostly happened when the atmosphere was dry and clear, and an empyreumatic smell surrounded the persons. It is therefore probable that an asthenic state of the lymphatic system may be considered as a predisposing cause, in consequence of which inflammable air might be collected in the cellular membrane and other cavities of the body; and, in the same manner as a watery fluid is collected in the cellular system in the dropsy, it may contain, when such an accident takes place, a collection of inflammable gas. It is very probable that electricity has some influence, as in several instances the combustion began with an electrical phenomenon. The flame is like the inflammable gas, and spreads in general so rapidly, that it has been impossible to give assistance to the victims of this horrible disease.

A correspondent of the "Decade Philosophique" has lately communicated to the editors a discovery which he made by accident of a method of preserving mushrooms dry without deforming them. Botanists, he observes, know how to collect and preserve plants; but he has never yet heard of their being able to preserve mushrooms. The author lives near the sea-shore, in a country, the soil of which is sandy, and where downs are formed which frequently shift their place. In traversing on foot one of these downs, he met with mushrooms buried under the sand, and which

preserved their form. He made a collection of them, and found that they suffered no alteration afterwards; indeed they served him for a hygrometer; but if they soften in moist weather, they recover their hardness in dry weather, and, every principle of vegetation being destroyed, their form does not alter either by wrinkles or by rottenness. In imitating the process of nature, he dries mushrooms in a stove of sand moderately heated.

Dr. Bolschoi, who went out in the quality of physician with a Russian and Bucharian caravan, gives the following account of the Kirgisian Cozaks, by whom he was taken prisoner: "When the Kirgisians had divided by lot the booty which they had obtained from this rich caravan*, they cut to pieces the mathematical instruments, watches, telescopes, &c., that each might take a portion. They did the same with the medicines. The roots, powders, pills, and mixtures were all divided into equal parts. Each person then threw his portion into a vessel, and this they considered as the most valuable part of the plunder. When the Kirgisians found that their prisoner was a physician, and, according to their idea, a sorcerer, they thronged in crowds around him, that he might feel their pulse, in order to tell them, from the nature of it, whether the horse they had lost, the cow that had strayed, or the camel that was missing, would be found again: nay, some of them even wished him to tell, from the nature of their pulse, whether their sick mother, wife, sister, &c. would recover. If his answer turned out to be true, the prophet was rewarded; but, in a contrary case, he was often subject to the discipline of the whip. A violent storm having once taken place, the whole body began to murmur, and a general suspicion fell on the captive doctor. They threatened him with death; but the storm subsided, and the supposed sorcerer escaped with a slight correction. As he was considered as a man of the higher order, he was not sold in Bucharia with the other captives, but served as a common domestic, exposed to cold and hunger, and obliged to perform all those menial services which are allotted to the slaves of the Kirgisians. He did not long remain under one master, but was considered transferable property. He at length came into the hands of the khan, who gave him a rich Kirgisian dress, and in that state he was ransomed."

M. Demmenie, a Dutch artist, has given us an improved method of making varnish of copal, which consists merely in placing the copal in contract with alkohol in the state of gas. "Put rectified alkohol into a glass vessel, suspend at a certain distance above it a piece of copal, and place the whole in a *balneum mariæ*. When the alkohol is sufficiently heated to raise the gas, it touches the copal, and dissolves small portions of it, which drop into the liquor. Continue this operation till the drops that fall have saturated the alkohol; then withdraw the apparatus from the *balneum mariæ*, and let the liquor cool; decant it, and you will have a perfect solution, without mixture of foreign matter. The varnish may be prepared in the same manner with oil of turpentine, by substituting the essence instead of alkohol."

M. Lenormand gives the following as a new and easy method of instantly removing spots of oil, grease, and tallow, from any kind of stuff, without changing its colour. Take five or six pieces of lighted charcoal, about the size of a walnut; wrap them in a piece of linen, which has been previously dipped in water, and squeezed in the hand, to press out the superabundant moisture; extend the stuff that is spotted on a table on which a clean napkin has been spread, then take the cloth containing the charcoal by the four corners and lay it on the spot; lift it up and put it down on the spot ten or twelve times successively,

* Dr. Bolschoi was estimated at the value of a camel.

pressing lightly upon it, and the spot will disappear.

The count of Hoffmansegg has, with the permission of the prince regent of Portugal, sent M. Sieber, a very able naturalist, to travel in Brasil. This gentleman, in a letter to his patron, gives an account of the various observations he has had occasion to make on the properties ascribed to the ayapana, said to be a sovereign remedy for the bite of all kinds of venomous animals. From these it results, that the juice of that plant, when applied without delay, effects an instantaneous cure; but that, when it is not immediately applied, it does not always prevent the suppuration, though it abates the inflammation and the swelling. Among the three examples mentioned by M. Sieber, one of the wounds was given without the person injured being able to discover by what animal it was inflicted: the two others were only stings of scolopendras. This observation must somewhat diminish the hopes entertained of curing, by means of the ayapana, even the bites of mad animals.

M. Canova, the sculptor of Rome, has made designs of the celebrated horses at Monte Cavallo. He thinks that, to produce all the effect of which they are susceptible, they ought to be placed in a different point of view from that in which they have hitherto been exhibited.

The elector of Bavaria manifests increased zeal for the arts and literature. Not content with having suppressed a multitude of monasteries, and established public schools in their stead, he has recently founded three universities in his new dominions in Suabia. Latin schools already existed in those provinces, but they were not sufficient to the formation of a man of letters, and too learned for the simple artisan. The elector, therefore, ordered these schools to be suppressed, and public schools to be established for the people, and three universities at Ulm, Dillingen, and Kempten. These universities were to be opened on the first of November, and pupils of the various christian denominations admitted. The general inspection, composed of learned protestants and catholics, is immediately under the direction of public instruction established at Munich.

A society has been established at Berlin, whose object is to send missionaries every year to Africa, and especially to that part of it inhabited by the negroes, that with the light of christianity they may diffuse some tincture of our arts, and sow seeds of a more refined civilization. Two missionaries have already set out for Guinea.

The Russian nobles continue to distinguish themselves by their donations to the schools and universities. Lieutenant general Urusoff has presented the university of Moscow with a very considerable cabinet of minerals and a beautiful collection of mosaics. The same officer has given his own library, and a rich collection of Russian minerals to the gymnasium of the government at Porchow. M. de Sudjenkoff, nephew of the late count Besborodko, has deposited in the hands of the minister who superintends the arts and sciences the sum of 40,000 roubles, for the establishment of schools in his native province, Little Russia.

The chevalier Calcagni, of Naples, has found a medal belonging to the city of Petra in Sicily, with the inscription ΠΕΤΡΕΙΝΩΝ. This medal represents on one side the head of Hercules, and on the other a female standing and resting her elbow on a small column. Calcagni is at present engaged on a large work concerning the coins of the ancient sovereigns of Sicily, which will throw new light on that interesting subject.

By letters from Corfu, it is said that the English vice consul, with the aid of two celebrated divers from Calimno, and after a labour of two years, has recovered from the bottom of the sea the precious collection of works of art of ancient Greece, formed by lord Elgin during his residence at Constantinople,

and which was lost, with the vessel, in 1802, near Cerigo.

M. Aibert has received from M. Lameyran, chief physician to the hospital of Versailles, the foot of a woman sixty years of age, the nails of which are of extraordinary length. That of the great toe is particularly remarkable; it is bent back, extends over the whole surface of the foot, and perfectly resembles a ram's horn, having both the form and the hardness of one. M. Alibert has had a drawing made of this extraordinary foot, and intends to introduce it into his great work on the diseases of the skin, to which the nails are considered as an appendage.

A piece of artificial anatomy, in wax, has been exhibited before the Society of Medicine of Paris, where it excited great interest. It was executed for the collection of the school by M. Laumonier, one of the non-resident associates, and represents all the details of the human ear, both internal and external, nine times the natural size. It is easy to conceive how highly useful, both for study and for public lectures, such works, executed by such an able artist and skilful anatomist, must be.

The Medical Board of Health at Berlin has offered a prize of two hundred ducats, for the best dissertation on the yellow fever.

Professor Bernhardi, of Erfurt, has undertaken a botanical tour in the Tyrol. The happiest results may be expected from the zeal and intelligence of the professor, who has before deserved well of natural history.

The famous Dr. Gall has been reading lectures on craniology at Berlin. The king and queen have honoured him with their attendance, and presented to him a valuable ring set with brilliants.

During the pope's late residence at Paris, the most constant homage was paid him, by numerous exhibitions, to explain the progress of the useful arts in that country. One circumstance, however, but little known, though unparalleled in the annals of printing, deserves to be recorded. On the first of February his holiness visited the imperial printing-office. As he passed along the galleries, 150 presses furnished him, as he passed, with a sheet each, upon which was given the Lord's Prayer, in some different language or dialect: in Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, ancient Syriac, Rabinical, ancient and vulgar Arabic, Armenian, Persian, and also in the languages and letters of the Crimea, of the Malay, of Java, of Indostan, of the Mogul empire, of China, and of Tartary; in all, 46 dialects of Asia. We cannot enumerate all the European languages and dialects, but they amounted to 75. Africa furnished 12, and America the remaining 17. The reputation of the French press is well known; and the constant attention paid by that nation to the art of printing, even amidst their revolutionary horrors, enabled them to pass before the eyes of the Roman pontiff whatever has been employed to improve or enrich the noblest and most useful art known to man.

A variety of valuable antiquities have been discovered in Thessaly. Among them are the busts of Aristotle and Anacreon, a large statue of Ceres, with a coin of Lysimachus, and some remarkable pillars. A Greek MS., containing a commentary of Nicephorus on the ancients, and the ancient Greek church, was discovered at the same time.

The researches at Pompeii are continued with great success. The queen of Naples has been with the royal family to inspect them, and in her presence was discovered an ancient edifice, in which were found vases of the greatest beauty, medals, musical instruments, and, what is of more value than all the rest, a beautiful bronze statue representing Hercules killing the celebrated hind on mount Mænalus. The composition and design of this group are perfect. In the same building have likewise been found some extremely beautiful paintings, among which one representing Diana surprised by

Acteon is particularly distinguished. The colouring of Diana is equal to any thing that Titian ever produced. The queen, it is said, intends to have this structure repaired. She has likewise ordered the chevalier Venuti to superintend at Rome the execution of a work in marble, alabaster, and metal, representing Pompeii in miniature. The chevalier has already executed a similar performance, representing the temples of Pæstum, which is in the possession of the queen.

At the town of Fiesole, near Florence, a beautiful amphitheatre has been discovered, and the greatest part of it cleared from the rubbish. It is supposed that it would contain at least 30,000 persons.

For the Literary Magazine.

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

REVENUE AND RECEIPTS.

	Dollars.
NETT revenue arising from duties on merchandize and tonnage, during the year 1801 - -	12,020,279
Nett revenue arising from the same source, during 1802	10,154,564
That which accrued during 1803 - -	11,306,430
And that which accrued during 1804, deducting the additional duties constituting the Mediterranean fund	12,672,323

The nett revenue accrued during the three first quarters of 1805, does not fall short of that of the corresponding quarters of 1804; and that branch of the revenue may, exclusively of the Mediterranean fund, be safely estimated at twelve millions of dollars, which is nearly the average of 1803 and 1804.

The defalcation which took place in 1802, and the increase in the following years, sufficiently show that no inconsiderable portion of that branch of the revenue is due to the neutrality of the United States during the continuance of war in Europe. Yet if the revenue of 1802, the only year of European peace since 1792, be the basis on which to form an estimate, this, with an addition of ten per cent., the increase of population for three years, and of near three hundred thousand dollars computed revenue of New Orleans, will give near eleven millions and a half.

The revenue arising from the sale of public lands has been greater during the year ending 30th September, 1805, than that of any preceding year. During that period, besides one hundred and forty-five thousand acres sold to persons claiming a right of pre-emption, four hundred and seventy-four thousand acres have been disposed of at the ordinary sales, making altogether, with the preceding sales, from the time when the land-offices were opened in 1800 and 1801, near two millions of acres. The actual payments by purchasers, which, during the year ending 30th September, 1804, had amounted to four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, and had not, in any one previous year, exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have, during the year ending 30th September, 1805, amounted to five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, of which five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars were paid in specie, and the residue in stock of the public debt. The specie receipts from that source may, for the ensuing year, be safely estimated at five hundred thousand dollars.

The permanent revenue of the United States may, therefore, without the duties on postage, and other small incidental branches, be computed, for 1806, at - - 12,500,000

The payments during the same year, on account of the temporary duties, constituting the Mediterranean fund, to the 31st March next, are estimated at nine hundred thousand dollars, and about one hundred thousand may be expected from the arrears of internal duties and direct tax, and from other incidental branches, making, for temporary and incidental receipts - - - - 1,000,000

Balance in the treasury, which, on the 30th September last, amounted to four millions five hundred and seventy-five thousand six hundred and fifty-four dollars, will (as the receipts and expenditures of the present quarter may be considered as nearly equal) be diminished, at the end of this year, only by the payments on account of the American claims, assumed by the convention with France, and as the whole amount of those claims unpaid on the 30th September last, will, in this estimate, be stated among the expenditures of 1806, the whole of the above mentioned balance may be added to the receipts of that year, viz. - - - 4,575,000

Making, in the whole - - - 18,075,000

EXPENDITURES.

The expences of 1806, defrayed out of those resources, are either permanent or temporary, viz. the permanent expences are estimated at eleven million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and consist of,

1. The annual appropriation for payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, of which more than one-half will go to the discharge of the principal, and the residue to the payment of interest - - - 8,000,000

2. For the civil department, and all domestic expences of a civil nature, including invalid pensions, light-house and mint establishments, surveys of public lands, the third instalment of the loan due to Maryland, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to meet claims allowed by congress 1,150,000

3. For expences incident to the intercourse with foreign nations, including the permanent appropriation for Algiers 200,000

4. For the military and Indian departments, including the permanent appropriations for certain Indian tribes 1,030,000

5. For the naval establishment, exclusive of the deficiencies for the service of 1804 and 1805, estimated at six hundred thousand dollars - - - 1,070,000

11,450,000

The extraordinary demands for 1806, are

The navy deficiencies of 1804 and 1805	600,000	
Balance of American claims assumed by the French convention, unpaid the 30th September last - - - -	3,400,000	
		4,000,000

Making altogether - - - 15,450,000

It hence appears, that the permanent revenues of the United States will, during the ensuing year, exceed the permanent expenditures by more than one million of dollars, and that the money in hand, with the temporary resources of the year, will, after leaving the sum always necessary to keep in the treasury, discharge the navy deficiencies, and the whole amount of the claims assumed by the convention with France, the large receipts of last year rendering it unnecessary to recur to the loan authorised by law.

MEDITERRANEAN FUND.

The additional duty of two and a half per cent. on goods paying duties ad valorem, which constitutes the Mediterranean fund, amounted, during the six last months of 1804, to five hundred and sixty-three thousand and thirty-eight dollars. The amount of the duty accrued, during the year ending on the 30th June, 1805, was nine hundred and ninety thousand dollars. This product will, it is true, be diminished by subsequent exportations; but from a view of the value of goods imported in 1803 and 1804, charged with that duty, the fund may be estimated at nearly nine hundred thousand dollars a year. The fund will, therefore, ultimately produce, during one year and nine months, commencing the 1st July, 1804, and ending the 31st March, 1806 - - -		1,575,000
The expences heretofore charged on that fund have been		
Paid in 1804, to the said department, under the act constituting the fund - -	525,000	
Paid in 1805, to the said department, under the second section of the act of 25th January, 1805	590,000	
Making a total of - - -		1,115,000

and leaving a surplus of four hundred and sixty thousand dollars, but which will be more than absorbed by the navy deficiencies above mentioned. The monies actually received or to be received into the treasury on account of that fund, prior to the 1st January, 1806, are about six hundred thousand dollars. The residue will be received between that day and the 31st March, 1807; and credit has been taken for a sum of nine hundred thousand dollars, on that account, in the preceding estimate of the receipts of 1806.

PUBLIC DEBT.

The payments on account of the principal, during the year ending on the 30th September, 1805 -		4,377,898 63
The two last instalments due to Great Britain, discharged during the same period - - -		1,776,000 00
Making - - - -		6,153,898 63

As the exportation of the specie necessary to discharge the last mentioned instalment would have been sensibly felt, it was found eligible to pay it in London, in conformity to the act of the 3d of March, 1805, and this was effected, at par, by the bank of United States.

Payments on account of the public debt, from the 1st of April, 1801, to the 30th of September, 1805 -		17,954,790 49
	Carried forward	17,954,790 49

Brought forward		17,954,790 49
Paid to Great Britain, in satisfaction of what the United States might have been liable to pay, by the sixth article of the treaty of 1794		2,664,000 00
Balance in the treasury on the 1st of April, 1801	1,794,052 59	
On the 30th of September, 1805	4,575,654 37	
Making an increase of	2,781,601 78	
Which, deducting proceeds of sales of bank shares	1,287,600 00	
Leaves for the increase from the ordinary revenue		1,494,001 78
Making a difference in favour of the United States, during four years and a half, of		22,112,792 27

During the four years, commencing on the 1st of April, 1801, and ending on the 31st of March, 1805, there has been paid into the treasury,

By duties on tonnage and foreign merchandise		45,174,837 22
By all other sources, including 1,596,171 dollars and 43 cents, from the sales of bank shares and public vessels		5,492,629 82
		50,667,467 04

1. Less than one-third of this whole has defrayed all the current expences of the United States, viz.

For the civil list, and all domestic civil expences	3,786,114 79	
For the military establishment and Indian department	4,405,192 26	
For the naval establishment	4,842,635 15	
For the expences attending the intercourse with foreign nations	1,071,437 84	
Amounting to		14,105,380 04
2. Near one-third was necessary to pay the interest on the public debt, viz.		16,278,700 95

Part of that sum (3,160,000 dollars) was paid on account of the interest on the deferred stock, a charge which commenced only in 1801, and was therefore in addition to the annual sum wanted before that year for the payment of interest on the public debt.

3. More than one-third, and which may be considered as the surplus revenue of the United States during that period, has been applied towards the extinguishment of the debt, viz.

On account of the principal	16,317,663 92	
In payment of debts contracted before the 1st of April, 1801, under the British treaty and the French convention	2,963,782 64	
		19,281,446 56
		49,665,527 55

While one third of the national revenue is absorbed by the payment of interest, a persevering application of the resources afforded by seasons of

peace and prosperity to the discharge of the principal, in the manner directed by the legislature, is the only mode by which the United States can ultimately obtain the full command of their revenue, and the free disposal of all their resources. Every year produces a diminution of interest, and a positive increase of revenue. Four years more will be sufficient to discharge, in addition to the annual reimbursements on the six per cent. and deferred stocks, the remainder of the Dutch debt, and the whole of the eight per cent., navy six per cent., five and a half per cent., and four and a half per cent. stocks. As the portion of the public debt which shall then remain unpaid will consist of the six per cent., deferred, and Louisiana stocks, neither of which can be reimbursed except at the periods and in the proportions fixed by contract, and of the three per cent. stock, which its low rate of interest will render ineligible to discharge at its nominal value, the rapidity of the reduction of the debt, beyond the annual reimbursements permitted by the contracts, will, after 1809, depend on the price at which purchases may be effected. And should circumstances render it eligible, a considerable portion of the revenue now appropriated for that purpose may then be applied to other purposes.

For the Literary Magazine.

DUTIES OF THE SEVERAL PORTS OF THE UNION.

THE following statement of payments made into the treasury of the United States, by the several collectors of customs, during four years, commencing April 1, 1801, and ending March 31, 1805, exhibits the amount of revenue of the respective ports in the Union.

Ports.	*Payments.*
New York	12,862,020 87
Philadelphia	7,777,965 14
Boston	6,408,400 26
Baltimore	3,861,963 08
Charleston	3,031,639 54
Norfolk	1,761,673 77
Salem (Mass.)	1,034,498 07
Savannah	914,039 73
Providence	781,556 12
Portland	545,265 66
Newhaven	510,637 15
Petersburg	510,506 17
Portsmouth	484,513 41
Alexandria	467,761 23
Newburyport	400,614 30
Newport	390,916 70
Middletown	382,757 31
Wilmington (N. C.)	319,110 07
Richmond	290,032 43
New London	282,049 88
Wilmington (Del.)	230,327 87
Kennebunk	168,984 64
Newbern	146,429 95
Edenton	129,505 57
Bristol (R. I.)	106,600
Gloucester	104,049 61
Bath	96,927 19
Tappahannock	93,249 97
Marblehead	92,439 48
Wiscasset	89,422 45
Fairfield	72,900 46
New Bedford	71,227 50
Washington (N. C.)	67,234 64
Biddeford	61,941 62
Nantucket	58,395 41
Plymouth	57,256 99
Waldoborough	52,932 96
Penobscot	51,366 63
Dighton	35,200 61
Georgetown (S. C.)	33,786 59
Michilimackinack	33,005 05
Camden	32,900
Fort Adams	26,900
York (Mass.)	26,698 72
New Orleans	23,791 83
Edgartown	21,879 21
Detroit	18,132
Georgetown (Col.)	15,950
Barnstable	15,042 58
Hudson	14,200 43
Snowhill	12,156 48
Brunswick	11,318 54
Beaufort (N. C.)	10,000
Folly Landing	8,900

Cherrystone	7,134	63	Champlaine	1,200	
East River	6,624		Allburgh	1,145	
Great Egg Harbour	5,700		Bridgetown	1,000	
Perth Amboy	5,150		Havre de Grace	950	
Beaufort (S. C.)	4,500		Frenchman's Bay	614	48
Vermont	4,022	83	Ipswich	600	
Oxford	3,840	56	Machias	500	
St. Mary's	3,561	27	Chester (Md.)	350	
Massac	3,400		Dumfries	340	
Vienna	2,500		Passamaquoddy	212	42
Sag-Harbour	2,456	76	Louisville	20	
Burlington	2,152				
Yorktown	1,500		Total	45,174,837	22
Palmyra	1,370				

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

Some of the Red Men from the Osages and Panis nations, being lately on a visit to Dr. Mitchill at Washington city, entertained him with their vocal and instrumental music. Two of their songs were immediately translated. One of them is on *friendship;* the subject of the other is *war.* In both, the main and leading sentiments are aboriginal; and the paraphrases and embellishments are as few as the nature of composition allowed. They seem to show, that justice has not hitherto been done to the intellectual or poetical powers of our Indian natives.

O-SAGE.

Washington Jan. 7, 1806.

No. I.

SONG OF THE OSAGES ON FRIENDSHIP,

After having made their visit to the president of the United States, at Washington, the seat of the national government, in December, 1805.

I.

MY comrades brave and friends of note!
You hither came, from lands remote,
To see your GRAND EXALTED SIRE,
And his sagacious words admire.

II.

The " Master of your life* and breath"
Averted accidents and death,
That you might *such a sight* behold,
In spite of hunger, foes, and cold.

III.

Ye RED MEN! since ye here have been,
Your GREAT WHITE FATHER ye have seen,
Who cheer'd his children with his voice,
And made their beating hearts rejoice.

IV.

Thou CHIEF OSAGE! fear not to come,
And leave awhile thy sylvan home:
The path we passed is clear and free,
And wide and smoother grows for thee.

V.

Whene'er to march *thou* feel'st inclin'd,
We'll form a lengthening file behind,
And dauntless from our forests walk
To hear our GREAT WHITE FATHER'S talk.

* The Supreme Being is called by them the *Master of life,* or *Master of breath.*

No. II.

SONG OF THE OSAGES ON WAR:

Being one of their compositions intended to inspire martial ardour, on entering into hostilities. Sung at Dr. Mitchill's, the same evening with the former, and immediately reduced to writing for translation.

I.

SAY, warriors, why, when arms are sung,
And sound from every martial tongue,
Do thoughts of death intrude?
Why weep the common lot of all?
Why fancy you yourselves may fall,
Pursuing or pursued?

II.

Doubt not Tewàsalàgè's care
To lead you forth, and show you where
The enemy's concealed:
His single hand shall make th' attack,
And drive the cunning lurkers back,
Or stretch them on the field.

III.

Proceeding with embodied force,
No nations can withstand our course,
Or check our bold career;
Though, if they knew MY warlike fame,
The terrors of MY form and name,
They'd quake, or die, with fear.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE WORD LAST.

PAINFUL source of many a sorrow,
Sound precluding hopes to-morrow,
Sad finisher of life's repast,
What shadows all our joys appear,
When thou com'st lagging in the rear,
And whisp'ring tell'st thou art the LAST!

Whate'er is giv'n us from above,
Blessings of friendship and of love
Thy baleful shade doth overcast;
The tears that parting cheeks bestrew,
The broken voice that sobs adieu,
Belongs to thee, thou cruel LAST.

Time on his rapid pinions flies,
The world recedes before our eyes,
And awful death approaches fast;
Revolving suns each year proclaim
The solemn hour that bears thy name
Thou dreaded, formidable LAST!

Yet, that I may not shrink from thee,
Let virtue keep my bosom free
From dread of future and of past;
Then, when my transient day is o'er,
And life, exhausted, yields no more,
I need not fear thy moment, LAST.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LADY-COW.

In the Darwinian style.

THEY who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air,
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd beneath their silken pennons veil;
Deceiv'd, our fellow-reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay;
The tissued wing its folded membrane frees,
And with blithe quavers fans the gath-'ring breeze;
Elate towards heaven the beauteous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprize.

So when the guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd fair,
Th' angelic form, conceal'd in human guise,
Deceiv'd the search of his associate's eyes,
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame;
The zodiac round his waist divinely burns,
And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns:
In awful transports wrapt, the youth admires,
While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

AH! credit not the rival swain,
Who whispers in thy jealous ear,
That other maids my vows obtain,
And call my passion insincere.

I own, dear maid, I love to seek
The plain, where sports the virgin choir;
And oft the form, the blushing cheek,
The charms of many a fair admire.

But though each love-inspiring dame
My eye with earnest gaze surveys,
Ah! cease, my love, thy swain to blame,
Because he gives each beauty praise.

By blending ev'ry virgin's grace,
A something like thyself I see;
For all the charms of ev'ry face
Are surely, Celia, found in thee.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

To Miss L. E., of W.

FROM whence, ah say! the lengthen'd sigh,
Which sowly heaves my Lucy's breast?
And why the lucid, tearful eye,
That speaks her gentle heart opprest?

The flatt'ring tale can I believe?
For such it is, dear girl, to me:
'Tis not in candour to deceive;
Say, are we, Lucy, dear to thee?

Inquiry cease! Did not the tear
That trickled down thy lily cheek,
At our adieu, say we were dear,
As plain as eloquence could speak?

And sure thy cheek, as cold as clay,
The simplest mind could not mistake;
The hand which on thy bosom lay
Said, too, that parting made it ache.

Yet of those feelings be aware,
And check them in their pliant spring;
So powerful now, they'll prove a snare,
Thy gentle heart, in time, unstring.

A long, a tedious winter past,
And oft we sigh'd, and spoke of thee;
This gloom, I said, won't always last,
In spring we shall our Lucy see.

So sure I was that May would bring
The darling girl we hold so dear;
When, oh! behold it's on the wing,
And yet our Lucy is not here!

'Tis thus delusions oft betray
The heart most willing to believe;
But why, my Lucy, this delay?
Do not our anxious hopes deceive!

More fair would seem the woodbine bow'r,
Wast thou, dear girl, reclin'd beneath;
More sweet would bloom the jasmine flow'r,
If wak'd to life by Lucy's breath.

Though frolic mirth may not attend
To bid thee welcome to the vale,
Yet each will clasp their lovely friend,
And love maternal bid thee hail.

SABINA.

May 30th, 1805.

system; your memorialists have employed a vast capital in importing various colonial productions, the surplus of which, exceeding the demands of this country, they have been accustomed to export freely to the different markets of Europe.

After this commerce had been prosecuted without restriction, for several years, and had attracted a great proportion of their wealth; after their insurers had assumed immense responsibilities, grounded on an opinion that this trade was strictly regular; having never received the slightest intimation, that it could be deemed incompatible with the rights of a belligerent nation, they have been suddenly confounded, by unexpected intelligence of the arrestation, on the high seas, of a large portion of their property, which had been embarked with the most unsuspecting confidence.

The feelings of your memorialists are not only excited by the losses which they have actually sustained, in consequence of a measure unsusceptible of previous calculation, but also from the state of uncertainty in which they are placed with respect to future commercial operations.

Your memorialists have heretofore believed, that commerce between the United States and colonies subject to the enemies of Great Britain, when *bona fide* prosecuted on their own account, would be perfectly safe from interruption: they have also believed, that all articles, which might be securely *imported* into the United States, might be as securely *exported;* with the exception well understood, both in respect to the import and export trade, of commerce with places blockaded, or in articles contraband of war.

In a recent interpretation of what is considered by the tribunals of Great Britain as a *direct trade* between the colonies and the parent countries of their enemies, your memorialists perceive, with concern, the developement of a principle, which, if conceded on the part of the United States, must prove fatal to their commercial importance.

It is understood to have been decided, that whenever it appears to be the intention of the importer of colonial produce to export the same to Europe, or whenever it is so exported by the original importer, such intention or exportation shall be evidence of a *direct trade*, and subject the property, though neutral, to confiscation.

Your memorialists consider it their bounden duty to themselves and their country, to express their most decided opposition to this decision.

As to the evidence arising from the supposed intention of an importer, they readily admit, that the great quantities of colonial produce which are acquired by means of the American commerce, exceeding the demand for consumption in the United States, will fairly justify *a general presumption* that the surplus is ultimately destined for European markets. They assert, however, that the *intention* of a merchant, in respect to the *future destination of his property*, must, from the nature of things, be inconclusive. All plans of business, formed by individuals, are liable to be affected by circumstances, not to be foreseen or controlled. These plans are, therefore, necessarily revokeable by those who form them; and an *intention*, which has *not been executed*, proves nothing more than might justly be inferred from a general presumption, arising from the course of our commerce. To apply such an intention in a particular case, to the prejudice of an individual; to presume that he has voluntarily incurred an immense risk, which, consistently with the success of his main object, he might have fairly avoided, and to involve him in ruin for prosecuting a trade which, if undertaken with a different motive, would have been declared lawful; would be, in the opinion of your memorialists, to confound and reverse the best established principles of reason, equity, and law.

Your memorialists contend for no innovations on the law of nations;

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

AH! credit not the rival swain,
Who whispers in thy jealous ear,
That other maids my vows obtain,
And call my passion insincere.

I own, dear maid, I love to seek
The plain, where sports the virgin choir;
And oft the form, the blushing cheek,
The charms of many a fair admire.

But though each love-inspiring dame
My eye with earnest gaze surveys,
Ah! cease, my love, thy swain to blame,
Because he gives each beauty praise.

By blending ev'ry virgin's grace,
A something like thyself I see;
For all the charms of ev'ry face
Are surely, Celia, found in thee.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

To Miss L. E., of W.

FROM whence, ah say! the lengthen'd sigh,
Which slowly heaves my Lucy's breast?
And why the lucid, tearful eye,
That speaks her gentle heart opprest?

The flatt'ring tale can I believe?
For such it is, dear girl, to me:
'Tis not in candour to deceive;
Say, are we, Lucy, dear to thee?

Inquiry cease! Did not the tear
That trickled down thy lily cheek,
At our adieu, say we were dear,
As plain as eloquence could speak?

And sure thy cheek, as cold as clay,
The simplest mind could not mistake;
The hand which on thy bosom lay
Said, too, that parting made it ache.

Yet of those feelings be aware,
And check them in their pliant spring;
So powerful now, they'll prove a snare,
Thy gentle heart, in time, unstring.

A long, a tedious winter past,
And oft we sigh'd, and spoke of thee;
This gloom, I said, won't always last,
In spring we shall our Lucy see.

So sure I was that May would bring
The darling girl we hold so dear;
When, oh! behold it's on the wing,
And yet our Lucy is not here!

'Tis thus delusions oft betray
The heart most willing to believe;
But why, my Lucy, this delay?
Do not our anxious hopes deceive!

More fair would seem the woodbine bow'r,
Wast thou, dear girl, reclin'd beneath;
More sweet would bloom the jasmine flow'r,
If wak'd to life by Lucy's breath.

Though frolic mirth may not attend
To bid thee welcome to the vale,
Yet each will clasp their lovely friend,
And love maternal bid thee hail.

SABINA.

May 30th, 1805.